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DREW UNIVERSITY
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IN CITY, U.S.A.'

art report on Las Vegas, where Rick Mawson (below)
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AUGUST 1965
Together[®]
FOR METHODIST FAMILIES



THIS IS JIM DALE'S JULY ISSUE OF TOGETHER

Jim is a lawyer. He also teaches a church school class of adults at Calvary Methodist Church in Nashville. He is on the official board and is in the Methodist Laymen's Club. His wife, Ina, is president of the Woman's Society of Christian Service. In their church work, he and Ina "use many sources for reference material, especially TOGETHER." It's no wonder the July issue looks a trifle dog-eared. Are you getting the full value out of your TOGETHER?

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The Church in Action

World Missions:

A Time of Testing and Transition

IN ITS overseas mission, The Methodist Church since World War II has been beset by some of the same global problems which have vexed the U.S. State Department, the United Nations, and most other governments of the world: old nations becoming newly independent and underdeveloped nations attempting to throw off the shackles of poverty and misery, along with outside influence and rule.

In this new world scene, Methodist missionaries have been shut out of the sprawling giant that is mainland China. Natural disasters and complicated political events have stunted the church's progress from time to time in Latin America, as in Asia. In Africa, Methodism meets its greatest and most persistent challenges: persecution in Angola; fewer missionaries than ever before in Mozambique; growing antagonisms between Africans and Europeans in Rhodesia; and continued tension in the Congo, where Methodist missionary Burleigh A. Law, Jr., was among those killed by rebel forces last year.

And yet, the church itself has helped plant some of the seeds of discontent. As Paul R. Abrecht points out in the new book *Christianity Amid Rising Men and Nations* (Association Press, \$3.95, cloth; \$2.25, paper):

"Churches in the West have begun to discern that for the new nations, the liberating power of the Gospel is like a two-edged sword, freeing them not only from the spiritual and social restrictions of their own cultures but also from the illusions and pretensions of Western Christian culture."

When members of the Methodist Board of Missions executive committee met for a semiannual briefing on the work of 1,500 missionaries overseas, the reports sent nobody home with rosy convictions that all is peace, harmony, and progress in the 50-odd countries where Methodists work. Advances are commingled with setbacks. What works wonderfully



In education as in government, emerging nations are developing native leadership with encouragement and training from Christian missionaries.

well in Latin America may fail miserably in southeast Asia. Christian strategy must be reshaped to cope with the unforeseen. The one thing which can be counted on—sure as sunrise—is change.

The fact that Methodist missions are in such a time of transition and testing is clearly illustrated by a capsule review of conditions which prevail in key countries on three continents.

Africa

- *Liberia:* Africa is change incarnate. But Liberia, one of its oldest individual states, has been relatively free from the revolution which characterizes the continent. Locale of Methodism's first overseas mission station in 1834, Liberia Methodists plan to elect their own bishop in December.

- *North Africa:* Algeria and Tunisia, formerly under the French, are now Muslim states. A certain amount of religious freedom is guaranteed to people of other faiths, but Christians in North Africa feel constant pressure because few recognize their right to be Christian. One hopeful sign is the medical center at Il-Maten, now under construction, which is being developed in co-operation with the Algerian government.

- *The Congo:* Congolese and missionary colleagues in the Central and Southern Congo Annual Conferences have experienced great suffering and turmoil. There are no missionaries in the Central Congo Conference, but Bishop John Wesley Shungu hopes that some can return this summer. After the past few critical months when people fled to the forests, a kind of nervous normalcy has returned. All African district superintendents are at work and, despite widespread destruction by rebels, schools are open and churches functioning.

- *Angola:* In Angola, now in its fifth year since the uprisings, sporadic fighting continues to the north

and in the Dembos area. Bishop Odd Hagen of Norway consecrated the Rev. Harry P. Andrcassen as a bishop early this year. He found many ministers back at work and 18 students in the theology school. Still, a severe racial tension simmers near the boiling point.

• **Mozambique:** The small missionary force in Mozambique is greatly overworked. But the church has able African leadership since the consecration of Bishop Escrivao Zunguze last year. In addition, Dr. Horst Flachsmeier has arrived to join the Chicuque hospital staff. A new hospital building, with X-ray and improved laboratory facilities, is under construction.

• **Rhodesia:** Rhodesia is a nation of uncertain future. The African majority wants one man, one vote; but the European minority refuses to permit them representative participation in government affairs. In this atmosphere of tension and hostility, however, the church is developing African leadership. A second doctor, back from Edinburgh, is now on the Nyadiri hospital staff. After journalism studies in India, another African is directing the conference literature program. Several scholarship students have returned to teach in Rhodesian schools; others will return this summer and fall. The need for secondary schools is top priority.

Asia

• **Korea:** Korean Protestants have set the ambitious goal of winning 30 million to Christ in an interdenominational evangelistic campaign. Autonomous since 1930, the Methodist Church of Korea has sent eight more missionaries overseas.

• **Hong Kong and Taiwan:** In Hong Kong and Taiwan, current special emphases are on recruitment for full-time Christian service, establishment of family-life committees, and evangelistic outreach. Taiwan marked the centenary of Protestant work in June.

• **The Philippines:** At times, anti-American sentiment seems to be building in the Philippines. Getting visas for missionaries has become more difficult. The prospect of a Methodist union with the Evangelical United Brethren Church is unsettling to Philippine Methodists, since EUBs there are related to the United Church.

• **Burma:** Nationalism runs rampant in Burma. The government has seized the National Christian Council Farm and all private middle and high schools—including the Methodist English High School of Rangoon, established in 1882. Severe travel restrictions continue; missionary visas and reentry permits are refused. The autonomy conference for the Burma Methodist Church is set for October.

• **Indonesia:** In Indonesia, uncertainties and unrest mount. The Meth-

odist medical project in Palembang has been indefinitely postponed. Anti-American propaganda under President Sukarno increases. The autonomous church is off to a good start but seeks more missionaries.

• **Malaysia:** Malaysian Methodism's work was not, at last report, greatly hampered by "confrontation" and threats from Indonesia. The Chinese work in Sarawak, part of Malaysia, is expanding into large new areas, aided by government road and airport building. The Sarawak Conference is assuming responsibility for the care of incoming missionaries. Christ Hospital in Kapit and its clinics serve 18,000 patients a year.

• **Pakistan:** In Pakistan, the United Christian Hospital moved into its new, well-equipped building in Lahore this spring. Pakistan Methodism wishes to become a Central Conference, but continues to study autonomy and church union. The government's recent friendliness with Communist China may indicate a shift away from past strong Western ties.

• **India and Nepal:** Southern Asia Central Conference has elected Bishops A. J. Shaw and P. C. B. Balaram to help administer the 11 annual conferences with 600,000 Methodists in India and Nepal. Cardinal Gracias, Roman Catholic archbishop of Bombay, addressed the 25th conference and encouraged ecumenical co-operation. Due to Methodist leadership, the writing of a new Christian-education curriculum for Protestant schools is moving ahead; and the government has asked the same group to prepare a course on moral instruction. Methodism's major problem in Southern Asia continues to be the shortage and high prices of food.

Latin America

• **Argentina:** In Argentina, national elections take on specific significance. Peronists gained a number of seats in Congress, and though still a decided minority, their voice will be heard officially. The key to the development of the Argentine church has been leadership training, mainly at Union Theological Seminary in Buenos Aires (about one third of the 100 students are girls). Another center of creative thought and experimentation: the Urban Center on the city's edge.

• **Brazil:** The autonomous Methodist Church in Brazil held its ninth General Conference in July. The church has not escaped the political turbulence created by the rightist revolution in 1964. Sao Paulo Seminary has record enrollments but suffers financial difficulties and the lack of a stable faculty.

• **Chile:** In Chile, the Christian Democratic majority in Congress will give President Frei a chance to make

good his campaign promises. The spring earthquake seriously damaged at least 11 Methodist churches and Sweet Memorial Institute, a training school for Christian workers at Santiago. Some churches will need be replaced. The Theological Community in Chile was inaugurated April 1. This new ecumenical venture ministerial training may great strengthen the Protestant witness.

• **Mexico:** Mexico's autonomous Methodist Church has progressed remarkably under Bishop Alejandro Ruiz. Despite meager support for proposed interdenominational theological community in Mexico City, there is a growing ecumenical awareness and sense of social responsibility.

• **Peru:** In Peru, the John Wesley Pedagogical Institute has gained official government status as a teacher training institution and has opened classes in its new building. Methodists are giving special emphasis to literacy, literature, and social action.

• **Panama and Costa Rica:** The Methodist churches of both Panama and Costa Rica suffer a shortage of trained personnel. Rapport between U.S. and British Methodists continue to grow and union is a possibility.

No Turning Back: The ferment and flux in every land indicates that mankind has embarked on a course of social, economic, and political transformation from which there is no turning back. In time, hopefully new nations will achieve stable governments and progressive societies.

But our world will continue to be convulsed by profound, permanent and accelerating change. Never before has the Christian mission faced such a demanding imperative to be ready and relevant for the whole family of man.

U.S. Space-Walker a Methodist

On Sunday mornings when he is not orbiting the earth in a space capsule, Lt. Col. Edward H. White II, can usually be found at First Methodist Church in Seabrook, Texas, where he and his family are active members.

The first American to walk in space, Astronaut White took a 21-minute "stroll" at 17,500 miles an hour in the United States' latest achievement in space exploration.

Inside Gemini 4 at the controls was another dedicated church layman—Lt. Col. James A. McDivitt, a Roman Catholic, who has written often for his faith's publications. The astronaut



Astronaut White

team logged 62 orbits and more than 1.6 million miles in space.

The Rev. Conrad W. Winborn, Jr., pastor of the Seabrook Methodist Church reports that Lt. Col. White is a member of the official board and participates in church activities as much as his space duties permit. The pastor adds that Mrs. White and their children—Edward III, 11, and Bonnie Lynn, 8, are also active in church programs.

Seabrook Methodist, located in a community near the NASA Manned Spacecraft Center just outside Houston, counts another space pioneer among its 575 members. Major L. Gordon Cooper, Jr., one of the seven original astronauts, who flew a 22-orbit space mission two years ago, joined the church with his family in 1962.

Major Cooper is tentatively scheduled to take his second trip in space late in August, when he and Lieut. Comdr. Charles Conrad, Jr., will be crewmen for a seven-day *Gemini 5* flight.

Dominican Missionaries Safe

The Rev. and Mrs. Maurice C. Daily, Methodist missionaries working with the Evangelical Church in the Dominican Republic, were two of many Americans caught in the eruption of bloody civil strife there this spring.

Mrs. Daily was among 3,000 persons evacuated early by the U.S. Marines. Mr. Daily remained in Santo Domingo, capital city and center of the fighting, to help distribute food and emergency supplies.

Arriving in Miami, Mrs. Daily reported that heavy fighting occurred in the vicinity of their home, near the American Embassy.

Since 1953, Mr. Daily has been the field executive secretary of the Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo, the co-operative agency through which four U.S. denominations help support the Evangelical Church's 30 congregations and 4,000 members.

The Daily home is in Radford, Va.

Expand World's Fair Exhibit

New meanings of the message of Christ are being communicated to those viewing The Methodist Church's exhibit at the 1965 New York World's Fair.

Projected silently onto three screens are paintings of the life of Christ, coupled with documentary real-life photos. For example, the Crucifixion is given a modern interpretation with accompanying news photos of present-day acts of cruelty.

Some of the other religious pavilions have also added new exhibits. At the Vatican pavilion, viewers may see an additional sculpture by Michel-

angelo, *St. John and the Lamb*; Pope Paul's triple-tiered tiara; and one of only 21 complete Gutenberg Bibles, lent by the Episcopal General Seminary.

Religious pavilion spokesmen were not disappointed in their collective attendance of 22.5 million last year, but they expect more this year.



The Rev. Eric Robinson, left, is congratulated on new *Man With a Mike* assignment by Bishop Aubrey G. Walton, who is TRAFCO president.

Select 'Man With Mike'

The Rev. Eric Robinson is no stranger to travel, but the former pastor of Centenary-Wilbur Methodist Church in Portland, Oreg., now holds perhaps the most itinerant appointment in all Methodism.

He is the commentator-reporter for *Man With a Mike*, a new venture into religious radio programming to be released this fall as a five-minute daily feature. Mr. Robinson will travel six to nine months a year, collecting taped interviews and human-interest stories in Christian mission fields around the world.

TOGETHER

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Mr. Robinson, who has broadcasting experience in the United States and abroad, won the globe-trotting assignment in competition with 50 clergy and laymen. Born in London, his ministry has included service in the United States, England, India, and Ceylon.

The new syndicated series for radio will seek to point up the relevance of the Christian faith in today's world as expressed by the lives and work of missionary doctors, nurses, teachers, agricultural specialists, and others. Mr. Robinson will visit not only Methodist missions but projects of co-operating denominations as well.

Produced by the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission in Nashville, Tenn., *Man With a Mike* is financed through contributions to the TV-Radio Ministry Fund; its projected budget is \$75,000 annually.

"The missionary movement in the Christian church has played a strategic role in emerging countries," notes Nelson Price, TRAFCO's radio-television chief. "It's a dramatic story full of sacrifice, adventure, and dedication. We expect *Man With a Mike* to help tell this story."

World Family Meet in '66

Key dates on the quadrennial calendar are August 14-17, 1966, when the first Methodist World Family Life Conference will be conducted in England just prior to the World Methodist Conference there, August 18-26.

Two hundred official delegates will attend the first two days of the family conference at Birmingham, and then will move on to London, where about 800 additional participants are expected.

Prospects are bright that each of the countries where Methodism has found roots will be represented. To bring Methodist families from newer nations, a project to raise \$85,000 for travel fellowships (\$750 each) has been launched by the sponsoring World Family Life Committee; more than \$50,000 in cash and pledges already has been raised.

Focusing on the general theme *The Family in the 60s*, the official delegates in session at Birmingham will explore such issues as the population problem, theology and the family, the family and world missions, the Christian concept of marriage, and the family and community life. Delegates also will consider establishing a permanent world organization of family life.

Bishop Hazen G. Werner of New York and Hong Kong, chairman of the World Family Life Committee, believes a global family movement would accomplish much: create a world fellowship of concern about the

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family, give Christian direction and purpose to people living in the midst of cultural change and crumbling family systems, help Christianity perpetuate itself in nations with increasing religious restrictions, and provide a built-in instrument and fresh incentive for the world missions movement.

Premiere Jazz Liturgy

A complete jazz worship service, *Liturgy of the Holy Spirit*, the collaboration of jazz composer Edgar Summerlin and poet William Robert Miller, was officially premiered on June 19, during the annual session of Methodism's New York Conference at Bridgeport, Conn.

Part of a growing body of liturgical jazz works meant to endure, the 12-part text includes spoken prayers, choral anthems, and four congregational hymns, with enough freedom to allow for the jazz musicians' need to improvise—and an extemporaneously preached sermon.

"We have to try to find ways of preserving what is valid from the past and making it relevant to the present, and without catering to momentary fads and whims," said poet Miller, who drew upon such worship forms as the *agape* and *epiclesis* from rituals of the second-century churches.

One of composer Summerlin's well-known works is his jazz setting for John Wesley's *Order of Morning Prayer*.

Youth Witnessing Through Intentional Communities

Some are preparing for church-related vocations. Others are challenged by a family experience with complete strangers. Many come in search of a faith of their own. But all are junior lay ministers, providing an unusual witness in the working world.

These are the 50 or more Methodist young people who this summer are participating in four "intentional communities" in different parts of the country. Living and laboring together, they are devoting their energy and talent to projects from farming to working with teen-age street gangs.

Intentional communities, sponsored by the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, are experiments in disciplined living, centered in worship, study, and service.

A typical group is composed of 12 senior MYFers and older youth from varying family backgrounds and regional cultures. For about eight weeks, they share an intense fellowship, taking both joy and friction in stride.

The basic pattern is for two persons to work at paying jobs to support the community. Without pay, the others serve church and civic-related agen-



Jan Kenyon, a young Georgian, lived and worked with an Intentional Community in Germantown, Pa., last summer. Lee Ford, of Goodwill Industries in Philadelphia, taught her shoe repairing in the Goodwill shop.

cies such as hospitals, children homes, and community centers. Each group is led by adult advisors experienced in the life of the church and in dealing with young people.

The four intentional communities now in progress are:

- San Antonio, Texas—The Alan Langer Parish, an inner-city mission is housing and feeding participants of a community in return for the work in housing projects, community centers, and with teen-age gangs.

- Thayer County, Nebraska—Participants are working on farms and studying the problems of rural life in a Midwestern area which has experienced the death of small farming communities.

- Buffalo, N.Y.—Community members are concentrating on a metropolitan area, seeking to learn more about people and their problems in an urban existence.

- Atlanta, Ga.—Participants are working full time in jobs related to Wesley House, Bethlehem Center, and an inner-city parish house.

Mutual Assist to Catholics

Today's ecumenical climate is so balmy that examples of interfaith goodwill and co-operation routinely appear on the horizon. Ten years ago many of them would have been "believe it or not" material.

Item: Methodists in Suffern, N.Y., recently sold the property they had occupied since 1920 and started construction of a new building in the center of population concentration. Trouble was, they had to move out of the old church by the end of June and the new church home would not be ready until early 1966.

While seeking interim quarters, the Suffern Methodists received an invitation from Sacred Heart Roman Catholic Church to use the facilities of its parochial school for morning



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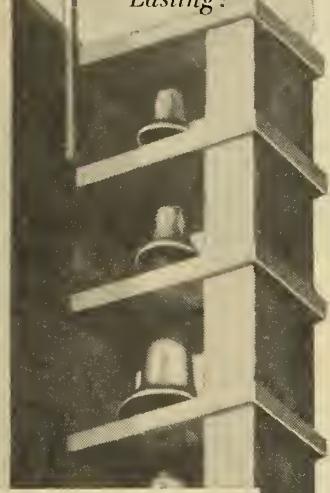
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worship and church school. "The facilities are more than adequate for our needs and the invitation was more than generous," says the Rev. Robert E. Grant, Methodist pastor.

Item: In Strongsville, Ohio, the Methodist church and public schools came to the rescue of 625 Catholic children left schoolless when a spring tornado ripped through St. Joseph Roman Catholic School on a Sunday.

After Father James P. McDonough, pastor at St. Joseph, accepted the offer of the Rev. Paul O. Reese, pastor of the Strongsville Methodist congregation, Catholic sixth-graders finished out their school year in two classrooms of the Methodist church.

Appoint Ecumenical Executive

Methodism's first full-time executive in the field of ecumenical relations is a New England minister who has promoted grass

roots co-operation between churches while serving pastorates in his home state of Washington and more recently in Massachusetts.

Dr. Robert W. Huston, former pastor of the Newtonville (Mass.) Methodist Church,

has been appointed general secretary of the Commission on Ecumenical Affairs. The body was created by the 1964 General Conference to take over the work of two other agencies in interchurch contacts.

When he assumed his new duties on June 1, Dr. Huston was chairman of the New England Conference Commission on Ecumenical Affairs and a member of the Massachusetts Council of Churches' Committee on Christian Unity. He has spoken and written widely in the field, and has taken work at the Graduate School of Ecumenical Studies in Bossey, Switzerland.

Dr. Huston's appointment was announced at the first annual meeting of the Methodist Commission on Ecumenical Affairs in Chicago, Ill. At the same time, Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of Columbus, Ohio, president of the commission, was named Methodist representative to a special committee to develop "an outline for a possible plan of union" for the six Protestant denominations participating in the Consultation on Church Union [See *Another Barrier Falls*, July, page 8].

In other developments, the commission expressed keen interest in establishing an interfaith ecumenical research center. Bishop James K. Mathews of Boston, Mass., said that such a center would explore problems

that both divide and unite Christendom and indicated several other church bodies have voiced support.

Bishop Everett W. Palmer, Seattle Wash., suggested that the commission consider holding a nationwide convocation on ecumenism late in the 1964-68 quadrennium after a year of study throughout the church.

Prof. Albert G. Outler, Dallas, Texas, pinpointed the need to develop a grid of study centers on ecumenicity across the country and overseas.

Excel in Church Design

Good Shepherd Methodist Church of Park Ridge, Ill., was among eight church structures recognized for excellence of design in the annual award program at the National Conference on Church Architecture.

Another award recipient was Central United Protestant Church of Richland, Wash., a congregation which includes Methodists and is served by Methodist pastors.

Good Shepherd Church, one of five new buildings featured by *TOGETHER* in *5 Distinctive New Churches* [November, 1964, page 34], was designed by the architectural firm of Stade, Dolan, and Anderson of Park Ridge. It was constructed in 1963 at a cost of about \$217,000. Its distinguishing architectural feature is a circular sanctuary in which worshipers are symbolically gathered around the Communion table.

Pastor at the time the church was planned and built was the Rev. Roy W. Larson. Present pastor is the Rev. David E. Chaney.

Central United Protestant Church, completed in 1964 at a cost of \$480,000, was designed by Durham, Anderson, & Freed, Seattle architects. A 60-foot spire, topped by a gold cross, rises from the chancel end of the sanctuary exterior. Inside, the asymmetric design of the floor plan focuses on a free-standing chancel table from which Holy Communion



Award-winning Good Shepherd Methodist Church of Park Ridge, Ill., with cone-roofed circular sanctuary.

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To the best of your knowledge, have you or any member above listed had medical advice or treatment, or have you or they been advised to have a surgical operation in the last five years? Yes No If so, please give details stating person affected, cause, date, name and address of attending physician, and whether fully recovered.

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is served by several different modes in keeping with the varying denominational affiliations of the 2,000 members. About two thirds are Methodists. The pastor is the Rev. Melvin M. Finkbeiner.

Other architectural awards went to two Lutheran, two Roman Catholic, and one Unitarian-Universalist church, and a Church of the Brethren seminary chapel.

See You in Church, Amigo

Many U.S. Methodists vacationing in Mexico City would like to attend worship services, but hesitate before the barrier of language.

The Rev. David Tinoko, pastor of Holy Trinity Methodist Church, encourages tourists to leave their Spanish-English dictionaries at the hotel. Each Sunday at 8:30 a.m., he conducts a service in English at the church, which is located at Gante Street No. 5, in Mexico City.

Allied War on Poverty

Leaders in the war on poverty are in general agreement that the battle cannot be waged on a brush-fire scale. Rather, it demands an all-out assault by public, private, and church agencies to feed, clothe, shelter, educate, and bring a spiritual dimension to poverty-stricken lives.

Recognizing the need for a concerted effort, including involvement of local Methodist churches and members in ministries to the poor, five boards have set up a clearinghouse to:

1. Help church agencies keep congregations informed of their responsibilities and opportunities.

2. Serve as liaison with the United States government in securing information and providing church viewpoints.

3. Strengthen Methodist work in interdenominational poverty projects.

Meeting in an interagency consultation were staff members of the Boards of Christian Social Concerns, Education, Missions, Evangelism, and Lay Activities. After considerable discussion of church-state problems, the prevailing opinion was that poverty is so widespread that "both church and community have plenty of space to work."

Reports showed that Methodist churches are already involved in some antipoverty projects—study halls in Hawaii, community centers in both rural and urban areas, "churches of all nations" in several cities, and job training programs in Kentucky mining areas.

Just recently, the Methodist Board of Missions' National Division announced grants totaling \$38,000 to two key antipoverty projects in Appalachia, and the formation of a 21-



Dodge City Marshal Raymond Hough makes Bishop W. McFerrin Stowe honorary Wagon Master as Western festivities dominate opening of Central Kansas Conference. Earlier, at the hotel, the bishop was "arrested" and taken by stagecoach to the city auditorium, where Methodist Mayor Frank Mapel presented him a Stetson hat.

member development committee to guide the division's program there.

The Methodist Church and Community Work in Harlan County, Kentucky, will receive \$25,000 to increase the number and support of professional workers, to help provide adequate quarters for the program and to purchase a bus.

Hinton Rural Life Center, Hayesville, N.C., will get \$13,000 for its regular budget which provides for training of ministerial and lay workers in Appalachia; and to finance a workshop on communications for pastors of county-seat churches in September.

Both the projects have been in existence for several years, but the additional funds will strengthen and expand them.

Could Lose Africa by Neglect

Communism is a serious threat, but the greatest problem facing Africa today is forgiving the colonial power which exploited and enslaved them.

Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., Princeton, N.J., expressed this belief at Louisville, Ky., in his first sermon after taking office as president of the Methodist Council of Bishops.

Bishop Taylor, former resident bishop at Monrovia, Liberia, said not a single African head of state favors Communism, but that neglect by the West could give Communists the continent by default.

"Communists exploit poverty, illiteracy, and unrest," he said, "in proportion to the indifference or concern expressed by the nations who can help Africa." He noted that Communists, particularly the Chinese, who identify

with Africans as colored people, are working hard to overthrow African governments.

The New Jersey Area bishop feels that the U.S. State Department should not insist upon allegiance to the West as a prerequisite for U.S. aid. Help in education and developing natural resources should be extended to Africans "as equals, not as wards."

Magazines Win Citations

Two Methodist magazines received citations from the Associated Church Press, meeting in Ottawa, Ont., for publishing achievements in 1964.

In the graphics category, *motive* was judged outstanding for its typography and layout. Now in its 25th year, the Methodist journal for college students is edited by the Rev. B. J. Stiles, Nashville, Tenn.

Concern, published by the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, Washington, D.C., won honors for its "superior treatment" of the 1964 national election campaign. Editor is the Rev. Allan R. Brockway.

Associated Church Press membership is made up of 170 Protestant, Orthodox, and nondenominational periodicals in the United States and Canada; 138 of them entered this year's competition for five awards of merit and three citations.

Hymnal 'Tadpoles' Split Church

The new Methodist *Hymnal*, to be published next year, probably will not please everyone. But neither is it likely to spark the type of controversy that split a Wilmington, Del., congregation in 1849.

Records of the Chester-Bethel Methodist Church show a heated debate developed over proposals to print music on the pages alongside texts in a revised hymnal. As a result, several members withdrew, crossed into Pennsylvania, and established another church.

Complained one of the dissidents: "Anybody with common sense ought to know that it will not help the voice to look when you sing upon those things which you call keys and bars, with black and white tadpoles, some with their tails up, some with their tails down, decorated with black flags and trying to crawl through the fence. It's all the work of the devil."

Teen-agers Visit Negro Homes

Seeking to build racial understanding, 17 white teen-age members of First Methodist Church, Midland, Mich., spent a recent weekend in the homes of an equal number of Negro youngsters who belong to the Zion Baptist Church.

All 34 attended a luncheon and worshiped at the Negro church on

Sunday; otherwise there was no planned activity. The Rev. Roosevelt Austin, Zion Church pastor, explained that the idea was for the visitors "to experience what the family would normally do on a Saturday night."

One of those lauding the project was Willbur D. Howard, a Negro field supervisor for the Michigan State department of corrections. He said statistics show that 75 percent of all white people have virtually no contact with Negroes.

Goodwill Increases Services

Methodist-related Goodwill Industries provided vocational rehabilitation for 60,000 handicapped persons last year, according to its 1964 annual report. This was 10,000 more than in 1962.

It also opened two new overseas plants in Bogota, Colombia, and Caracas, Venezuela, making 21 Goodwill units operating outside the United States.

Goodwill's vocational rehabilitation, one of its more important and rapidly growing phases, includes testing, evaluation, counseling, and therapy, as well as training and employment in its sheltered workshops. In 1964, about 12,600 persons received such help, while some 5,000 were placed in regular employment.

Goodwill also earned a record \$57 million last year, paid its workers \$27 million in wages, and collected 20 million Goodwill bags in 8,000 communities.

Every Member an Evangelist

On a live, unrehearsed television program recently, Dr. Kermit L. Long was asked the size of Methodism's evangelistic staff.

"Ten million people," answered the new general secretary of the Board of Evangelism. "This is our potential.

CENTURY CLUB

Today, some 12,000 Americans are 100 years old or over. As the centenarian below joins TOGETHER's Century Club this month, she becomes its 346th member. The women of the club far outnumber the men, 250 to 96, and the married women outnumber the single, 229 to 21.

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WORLD BIBLES
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Edmund S. Higgs and his family were among 230 members of Central Methodist Church, Evansville, Ind., who hand-copied the entire New Testament. Tom, age five, pictured with his parents and sisters, Sara and Lucinda, was the youngest to take part in the two-month project; oldest was 86. The Rev. Webb Garrison, pastor, says volunteers learned, like medieval scribes, that copying even one chapter without error is difficult. Many found new meaning in New Testament ideas and events.

If every church member is not an evangelist, then he is loafing."

Dr. Long recalled the incident in his inaugural address at the board's recent meeting in Nashville, Tenn. He went on to say that "something is radically wrong" when, as in 1964, it took 86 Methodists to win one new member on profession of faith—excluding those who joined the church through the church school.

"We've fiddled around too long," Dr. Long later told the National Council of Churches' commission on evangelism, meeting in Atlanta, Ga. "It's time to blow the trumpets and let the world know we're in God's business."

Stressing that difficult days call for daring disciples, the new leader of Methodist evangelism said, "Laymen are just waiting to be challenged with a cause that's big enough; evangelism is that cause."

Face Negro College Needs

The Methodist Church, which supports 12 Negro colleges, will soon be co-operating with seven other denominations in a national effort to elevate standards of Negro schools and ease their financial plight.

At a recent consultation called by the National Council of Churches, denominational and college representatives agreed on the need for swift ecumenical action to strengthen and integrate the 56 church-related Negro colleges.

Suggested programs ranged from merger of 25 colleges and a request for white teachers to volunteer for

faculties of Negro institutions, to a national "master plan" with a general staff to co-ordinate policy, experimentation, and financing.

At present, pointed out Dr. Stephen J. Wright, president of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., the major educational contribution of Negro colleges is "considerable experience in the remedial field.

"If these colleges are not good enough to integrate, how can they possibly be good enough for young Negroes in this last third of the 20th century?" he asked. "The fruits of the [Negro] revolution will rot unless the spirit of marching can be embodied in the educational process."

Methodists in the News

Farmer Milton Fricke, a Methodist layman of Papillion, Nebr., has been honored for 30 years of leadership in soil and water conservation by being named "Watershed Man of the Year" by the National Watershed Congress in Sioux City, Iowa.

Mrs. A. E. Van Dyke, mother of Miss Vonda Kay Van Dyke, this year's "Miss America," was named Arizona's "Mother of the Year" upon nomination by Central Methodist Church, Phoenix, where the family are members.

Robert S. Holcomb, Portland, Oreg., director of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief in Korea, recently received a citation from the Social Welfare Association of Seoul for his concern for orphans.

Are Laymen Princes...or Pawns?

IN A RECENT edition of his parish newsletter, a Methodist pastor proposes establishment of "The Society to Prohibit Ecclesiastical Boards and Agencies from Appropriating, Programming, Structuring, and Organizing Renewal in the Church for Institutional Purposes." The name is unwieldy, he admits, but the organization does have a noble goal.

His idea was born when he received a packet from a church agency. Bold letters on the outside proclaimed, "Renewal Materials Inside." The pastor did not open the packet. "Bona fide renewal in the church," he observes, "is not quickly convertible into institutional currency." Why? "It may produce tensions and difficulties in a local church by causing people to question the often superficial programs and goals set before us as 'what God wants us to do.'"

This comment also could be applied to "involvement of the laity"—catchwords which, like "renewal," seem to pop up everywhere these days. "Involvement of the laity" has become a common ingredient in the usual recipe for church renewal. This is as it should be. But when it is merely given lip service, or glibly incorporated overnight in the description of every existing church program, there is reason to doubt that the real thing is involved. "The role of the laity" can be degraded into just another useful gimmick for preserving the established order of things—an order which at many points has shown its inadequacy if not its irrelevancy in these times.

Another pastor, for example, commented recently in his parish newsletter: "I saw one of our top laymen at his third evening meeting that same week. He was only one of many for whom this spring has been a demanding one here at the church. But then I guess that's what makes this a great church."

His congregation was completing an intensive fund drive (the title of which, incidentally, included the word "renewal"). Of course, fund drives are necessary, and laymen should fully participate in them. But the inference here is that the measure of a layman is how many evenings he spends in church meetings or knocking on doors for the church. Such activities should be part of every layman's basic training. The strategic battlegrounds today, however, are not in church parlors, but in the world. A layman should make his influence as a Christian felt not only in home, school, and job but in the centers of power in the public sector—in labor unions, business management, community organizations, political institutions.

If a distinctive ministry of the laity is to contribute to the continuing process of church renewal, some rather deep-rooted attitudes and practices need to be displaced. For example:

1. *Eliminate the dichotomy in our thinking between the church and the world.* Too often we tend to think of the church—the good guys—over here, and the world—the bad guys—out there. Actually

no such separation is possible. We who make up the world also make up the church. The church is in the world and has impact only as we demonstrate that Christianity does make a difference in our lives. The church must help train us for this mission, but finally it is a mission we laymen must perform in the world.

2. *Cast off bondage to institutional maintenance.* We are *not* saying, "Don't be loyal to your church." Loyalty, however, should not mean slavery to house-keeping chores. Some laymen exhaust themselves in ecclesiastical intramurals and have no time or energy left for work and witness elsewhere. Yet many non-church organizations offer great opportunities to serve others. A layman can serve best by *not* becoming overinvolved in church programs which focus inward rather than outward.

3. *Stop conceding second-class citizenship because you're a layman.* Exactly a year ago in this page, we upset some of the brethren by saying that the General Conference did not adequately speak for and to typical Methodist laymen and women. Though half of the delegates were laymen, not many spoke out. Some who did prefaced their comment with something like, "I'm only a layman, but . . ." Unfortunately, the same often is true in local church life. Discounting those few who talk *too* much, even laymen who have strong opinions sometimes apologize for expressing themselves. On the other hand, some laymen use the fact that they are "only" laymen as an excuse *not* to have opinions, and *not* to participate in the full life of the church. Either way, they are wrong. Laymen *should* have ideas and opinions (they do, anyway), and express them freely.

4. *Upgrade the laity without downgrading the clergy.* Here is the rub. All the talk about a "ministry of the laity" has some people scared. Perhaps they think the phrase means laymen will be taking over churches, crowding ministers out of work. It does not. Nor does it mean we can stop being concerned about our severe minister shortage. The proper "ministry of the laity" complements rather than clashes with the role of the clergy. Trained by pastors, laymen can carry the Christian faith into every area of life—areas not now reached by the church, and inaccessible to pastors.

If the role of laymen is getting more emphasis right now, it is because this role too long has been underplayed or misinterpreted. Let us be on guard, however, that this catalyst in the chemistry of church renewal is not pressed into the same old mold. Both laymen and ministers need to see that the distinctive role of the laity is as a vanguard, charting new directions and breaking new ground outside church walls. And that's quite different from being put into service as watchmen for a warehouse piled high with obsolete machinery.

—YOUR EDITORS

IN DEFENSE OF DEMONSTRATIONS

By JOHN WESLEY LORD

Bishop, Washington (D.C.) Area, The Methodist Church

FOLLOWING my participation in civil rights demonstrations last March in Selma, Ala., I received many communications from across the nation. Some applauded my action; others condemned it.

How could I, several asked, engage in such an unchristian activity as a "mass demonstration" in the streets of Selma? As a bishop, did I not bring the entire church into disrepute? Should I not remove myself from the ranks of the ordained clergy? My assignment, as a bishop, was to the Washington Area. In going to Selma, did I not "invade" the territory of another bishop?

Among the letters was one from a member of the United States Congress, a fellow Methodist for whom I have high regard. He questioned both the motivation and the efficacy of such witness.

"Once again," he wrote, "people from other states are marching in the South and to Montgomery, inflamed and angered. . . . You who live in other sections of the nation have prescribed many palliatives; you have acted upon the instinct of human emotion to settle a problem that cannot be corrected by such visitations as you recently participated in in Selma."

"Your presence among us, however well intentioned, only compounded the social problem unsettled for 100 years and which is to remain unsettled until practical solutions are found to eliminate the cause."

His comment is representative of many I received. To set the record straight, far more were received supporting my action as a churchman and as a bishop of the church.

I am concerned, however, that those who challenge the action I took—along with hundreds of others—understand *why* we felt called to demonstrate. I speak here of our real motivations, as contrasted with those that have been falsely attributed to us.

What Good Is Served?

I am in complete agreement with the congressman when he argues that *practical* solutions must be found to eliminate the causes of the social problem that exists not only in the South but throughout our nation in various forms. I contend, however, that demonstrations have proved to be the most practical solution yet found to get at the heart of the problem. Birmingham demonstrations helped push a Civil Rights Bill through the Congress in 1964, and I hope that this year, before this article is published, the Selma demonstrations will have helped produce a strong voting-rights bill. These bills represent "practical solutions to eliminate the cause."

The problem is graphically described by the congressman in his letter. He says:

"Negroes in the South, as well as those in other parts of the country, have suffered many hardships, many privations, many degradations. Thinking people who have lived close to them in the South for so long would be the last to ignore these facts. Many of the colored race live in what you and I would classify as the most abject poverty; many of them are uneducated; many of them are undernourished—physically, spiritually, socially. Perhaps these are factors

that many would argue need the insistent hand of the federal government."

Indeed we would so argue—particularly if we, and not the Negroes, were living under these conditions. But as Christians, are we to wait for the federal government to act? Who is the federal government, anyway? Shouldn't we citizens make our desires known to it? And isn't inaction, or silence, evidence that we lack concern for our Christian brethren who have endured these conditions for more than 100 years?

The congressman feels that the white people of the South are themselves the victims of fate.

"How much more important to our nation and the world," he says, "would be a crusade of salvaging these wasted lives than a vain display of whipped up emotions on our streets, of the cities of the South, calling forth the scorn, ridicule, and derision of the world upon the heads and hearts of thousands of fine white people who are guilty of no wrong except that which fate wrought."

There are many fine white people in the South. Some of the finest joined us in the march in Selma. Their hearts were broken, but they marched because they believed in a New South, a South that would no longer allow the "hardships, the privations, the many degradations" of the past. They see demonstrations as a very practical way to get at the heart of a problem that has brought on the South's woes. They reject that all-too-common attitude described by one writer as the "silence of the best people, who stand behind their drapes and look

out upon the injustice and harsh inequity of the streets but do nothing about it."

Many "best people" have joined direct-action groups, determined to move into the void and to make it their business to see that justice is done and laws are obeyed. With the so-called "outsiders," they believe, and act upon the belief, that the demonstration has proved to be the most practical means yet devised to get at the heart of the problem.

Does the Church Approve?

But are demonstrations sanctioned by the church? Should churchmen—even nuns—engage in such activities? Are they not for the radical, the nonconformist, the rebel, and certainly not for those in the "establishment"? So the argument goes.

First, let me say, demonstrations are sanctioned and supported by our church. Paragraph 1824 C.8 of the Methodist *Discipline*, adopted by the General Conference of 1964, declares:

"We affirm the legality and the right of those minorities who are oppressed, anywhere in the world, to protest, to assemble in public, and to agitate for 'redress of grievances,' provided this is done in an orderly way." (Council of Bishops, Detroit, Michigan, November 13, 1963.) A public march or other demonstration as a dramatic petition for attention and justice is in line with the principles and practices of a free society. When such orderly protests are undertaken, the goal should be clearly identifiable.

When resort to orderly, responsible, nonviolent public demonstrations by those engaged in the struggle for racial justice provokes violent retaliation on the part of the police or onlookers, the blame for the violence should be placed on the violent, and not on the peaceable demonstrators. On the other hand, any demonstration that turns itself to violence takes to itself the same blame. . . .

Should not the leaders of the church, as well as those who sit in the pews, take this to heart? Should leaders sit idly and fearfully by while others die in their behalf? When the Rev. James J. Reeb was clubbed to death in Selma, the price of freedom went up in the United States for all of us. Mr. Reeb



For two days after violence broke out in Selma, Ala., Bishop Lord (foreground, light coat) took part in demonstrations that led, several days later, to the Selma to Montgomery civil rights march. In this article, he explains to his critics why he felt compelled to make this Christian witness.

died for all, for you and for me.

As bishop of an area that has been torn with racial strife, I have been involved in unrest and violence both in Cambridge, Md., and Princess Anne, Md.

There are times, I believe, when a bishop must witness to his faith in a picket line just as he witnesses to that faith preaching in a pulpit. Pulpit or picket line, God requires his witness in an hour that is testing the faith and the integrity of the church.

Is Lawbreaking Right?

The Negroes who on Sunday, March 7, had peaceably assembled in Selma to begin a march to Montgomery to redress a grievance, had been denied their constitutional rights. They were treated in a violent and brutal manner both by state troopers and by possemen. They were made the victims of a tear-gas attack, were beaten with clubs and other objects, and set upon by men and horses [see *Who Is Responsible?* June, page 10]. But when they sought a court injunction from such brutality and injustice, they were themselves enjoined from marching. They could not understand this miscarriage of justice in a federal court.

When justice is not done in the courts, our Methodist *Discipline*, reflecting the General Conference of 1964, has this to say (also Par. 1824 C.8):

There are certain circumstances when arbitrary authority is sought to be imposed under laws which are neither just nor valid as law. . . . In rare instances, where legal recourse is unavailable or inadequate for redress of grievances from laws or their application that, on their face, are unjust or immoral, the Christian conscience will "obey God rather than men."

I have shortened this paragraph considerably and urge that the entire paragraph be carefully studied. I realize the seriousness of its implementation.

There were those in Selma who, acting in good conscience, believed that only by the breaking of unjust laws and insisting on being punished could they both publicize the injustice of those laws and witness to the institution of law. When the

day arrives in our nation that the law of justice interpreted by love which God has written on the hearts of those who know him is no longer believed to transcend the laws of men—on that day our Christian faith will cease to be relevant or significant. For those who ask, “Can lawbreaking ever be right?” the Christian makes his answer as he made it at Selma.

For those who were deeply disturbed at this aspect of the Selma march, I have this word of assurance. Upon our return to Washington, we met for more than two hours with men high in government. I asked Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach this direct question:

“Did we who marched in Selma violate a federal injunction?”

His reply to me was in the negative. Whether the events of the march had been prearranged, I do not know. We were not so informed. We began the march with the hope that we could traverse the first 10 miles on the road to Montgomery. This we were denied.

Who Is an ‘Outsider’?

Did I invade the area of another bishop of the church? It is my understanding that a Methodist bishop is specifically charged with responsibility for the “spiritual and temporal affairs of the church.” To me, “the church” means the *entire* church. Though elected within a jurisdiction and assigned to an area within that jurisdiction, a Methodist bishop has responsibility that extends over all the denomination.

I would welcome at any time, and under whatever provocation, a visit by one or all the members of the Council of Bishops to the Washington Area. I know they would be of great help and assurance to me if I were in difficulty. I would know also that they had a perfect right to be in the area I oversee, and would in no sense be “outsiders.”

All the world is my parish and I cherish the right to preach and to practice the Gospel of our Lord at the point of deepest need. I believe there was a deep need in Selma. And I know this sentiment is shared by the two Methodist bishops in Alabama.

A final defense must be made for

the demonstration. This is a fact easily overlooked and not readily understood. Peaceful, orderly demonstrations prevent rather than encourage violence. Far from stirring up trouble, as some contend leaders of nonviolent demonstrations offer a controlled outlet for smoldering discontent and hatred which surely would erupt at a later time. Many in our nation have not yet grasped the extent of our debt to Martin Luther King, Jr., who has given himself to become the nonviolent leader of a cause whose hour has come. Only those with hatred and violence within themselves will turn a peaceful demonstration into disorder.

The Defense Summarized

In summary, I endorse peaceful demonstrations because:

I defend the right of all groups within and without the church to “protest, to assemble in public, and to agitate for ‘redress of grievances,’ provided this is done in an orderly way,” as the Methodist *Discipline* puts it. I defend it as a dramatic petition for attention and justice in line with the principles and practices of a free society.

I defend the right to demonstrate on the ground that it has proved to be a very practical way of getting at basic problems in human and race relations, and of securing the right of franchise for every qualified citizen of the country.

I defend the right to demonstrate because it has the sanction of the General Conference of our church, which affirms both its legality and its rightness in the cause of race relations within the nation and the church.

Finally, I defend the right to demonstrate because I believe that peaceful and orderly demonstrations prevent rather than encourage violence. They are useful and serve good purposes as long as they are conducted within certain boundaries and with definite objectives.

It is my conviction that churchmen must become increasingly involved in this form of witness if the church is not to abdicate its leadership, and if it is to continue to revolutionize society and grow into the Christian church of the New Age. □



Fret Not Thyself

By FREIDA L. MITCHELL

SOME YEARS ago, while in nurses' training, I was assigned to the diet kitchen for practical experience to supplement my classroom studies. I approached the task with misgivings, especially after an older student said to me:

"I certainly don't envy you! The diet kitchen either makes or breaks you. Why, I packed my bags three times before I finished my term there."

"Surely," I thought to myself, "it can't be that bad." But as I entered the kitchen next morning my heart began to flutter. It wasn't helped any by one of the maids who suddenly announced:

"It's almost 6:30. Mrs. Smith will be in soon for breakfast."

I whirled to face her in alarm. Mrs. Smith was the director. "She has breakfast here?" I gasped. The maid nodded.

"Who cooks it?"

"You do."

"I do? But what about all these special trays—"

"You must have those ready by 7:30."

"But this—my first morning—everything's new. The time—" I was so scared my knees shook. No

one had prepared me for this. I set to work in confusion and fear, without method or order. I dished up hot cereals, weighed out diabetic fruits, poured hot cocoa—oh, gracious, here was a tray that required liver in some form. Liver for breakfast, of all things!

It was well I had a good helper. She did many tasks that were not her responsibility.

"It's ten minutes to seven," she informed me. "Maybe you'd better—"

"Oh, my goodness, yes. What does she eat?"

"Bacon, egg, coffee, toast, jelly, almost anything you fix."

"Why didn't someone warn me?" I wailed. I started to prepare the breakfast. My hands shook; I dropped an egg. I wiped it up, washed my hands, and was at the frying pan when the director entered. Finding her place set but nothing ready, she waited in serene patience for her burned bacon, scraped toast, and shriveled egg. That lovely lady didn't even raise an eyebrow! She merely smiled sweetly and buttered her toast. I picked up a tray and ducked out, convinced I was through with training.

However, instead of packing my

One of her first tasks was to make the hospital director's breakfast—in a strange kitchen. Her knees shook as she prayed, "Please, God, don't let me be so scared."



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

The new young minister was most eager to make a good impression.

In a voice that grew steadily more confident, he read the Gospel from St. Mark—the story of the unproductive fig tree which Jesus cursed and which withered away. When he had finished reading, the young minister said:

"This is my text . . ." He paused a moment, looked over the congregation and continued impressively: "The fig tree fithered away."

—MRS. EARL MITCHELL, Harrisburg, Ill.

"Brother Brown, I'm collecting for the benefit of our worthy pastor," explained the deacon as he called on one of the parishioners. "As you know, our church rector is leaving and we are going to get together and give him a little momentum."

—LARRY STEWART, Talladega, Ala.

The one church in a busy town was often asked to lend its choir robes for various community events. The practice had, in fact, come to be a real nuisance. Even the pastor's gown had been lent for a play and had come back too late for the Sunday service. So the following notice appeared in the local newspaper.

"Anyone borrowing robes of the church must comply with these rules: (1) deposit \$1 in advance, and (2) return by Saturday noon. No charge for pulpit robe, but borrower is expected to sin for it."

—THE REV. PRENTICE DOUGLAS
Griggsville, Illinois

TOGETHER pays \$5 for each church-related joke it accepts for publication. Do you have one you'd like to submit? Send it along, but no postage, please; rejected contributions cannot be returned.—Eps.

bags as some of the girls expected, I reported back next morning. The maid smiled reassuringly, but when she told me we had ham for breakfast, my heart sank again. "Oh, dear," I thought, "why couldn't it be bacon again? If I ruin that ham!" I whispered silently, "Please, God, don't let me be so scared."

As if in answer to my prayer, my mind went back to my childhood and the day I became almost hysterical over losing a doll. My father had grasped my sleeve that day as I rushed past him, weeping and searching.

"You'll never find your doll, running around like a chicken with its head chopped off," he said, holding me firmly and making me stand quietly before him. After I had calmed down, Daddy went with me as I retraced every step I had made during the day. We found the doll at last and, holding her close, I looked at Daddy sheepishly.

"See?" He put his arm around my shoulder. "You would have found your doll much sooner if you hadn't wasted your energy in such wild searching." Then, in a musing tone: "'Fret not thyself.' How wise, Honey, was the psalmist when he penned those words. To fret oneself over small obstacles is poor preparation for the bigger problems we have to face in life."

Father's words came back to me that day at a time when I desperately needed the comfort of "Fret not thyself" from the Old Testament psalmist. If I let the diet kitchen rattle me, what would I do in the operating room when patients' lives were at stake?

"Fret not thyself, Freida, fret not thyself," I repeated under my breath, squaring my mental shoulders and taking my tasks one by one, step by step, as my father had directed me to do. Finally, it was 7:30. The trays were ready to serve—and the director was smiling at me graciously.

"Thank you, Miss, for a delightful breakfast." She stepped into the hall, leaving me speechless in my pleasure.

In the years that have followed, I have found many moments in the practice of my profession, and in everyday life, when the psalmist's words have given me confidence and poise; my nursing skills and my own inner strength are not always enough.

I have often seen others helped, too.

One such moment I recall vividly. It was 7 p.m. in a small community hospital. The other nurses had gone off duty. In those days there were no nurses' aides; I was alone on the floor.

I was worried about the patient in room 10. She had just undergone a delicate eye operation and needed absolute quiet. Her husband could not afford a special nurse. The light sedative I had been ordered to give her left her awake and restless. Each time I entered, she started talking as soon as she heard my step.

"Nurse, please give me a sip of water." I'd give her some and she'd ask for something else. She twisted and turned endlessly. Her inability to see increased her agitation.

"My husband. Where is he?"

"He'll be back soon. Please try to rest. The doctor wants you to lie quietly." I tried to reassure her without success. She made as though to sit up.

"Nurse, don't leave me!"

As I gently pressed her back on the bed, my glance fell upon an exquisite little white leather-bound book. It was the New Testament and Book of Psalms.

"What a lovely book. Such beautiful binding."

"My son gave it to me."

I opened the book at random and started hopefully to read aloud:

"Be still and know that I am God." It was a line from Psalm 46. As I paused, my patient groped for my hand. Her own was cold and moist.

"Be still and know that I am God." Nurse, there's another verse from Psalms that goes with that. "Wait upon the Lord: be of good courage and he shall strengthen thy heart."

She sighed, smiled a little, and relaxed. Her breathing became quiet and regular. Feeling a surge of relief, I turned from the bed, just in time to see her husband enter.

"Your wife is resting," I told him. "She'll be asleep in a few minutes."

"Do you think she'll be all right without a special nurse?"

"I'm sure of it. She has all she needs."

That patient slept most of the night. She, too, had experienced the amazing power of the psalmist's words: "Fret not thyself." □

'SIN CITY, U.S.A.'

The tourists' Las Vegas—sickening and fabulously successful—is a mirror that mocks us. Within this jungle, a few are ministering amidst the human wreckage.

M
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T



IF YOU LOOK behind the hypnotic money machines and confront a Nevedan with the corruption and misery that have dogged his state's 34 years of legalized gambling, he probably will retort that, if it is indeed a plague, it rests on all our houses.

One Las Vegas minister put it this way: "Show me the city with no gambling, no crime, no prostitution. If we're different, it's just that we're more open about it."

And the plain fact is that the rampant success of Nevada's entertainment complex is built squarely on its visitors. Last year 12 million tourists spent more than \$200 million in the Las Vegas area alone.

Gamblers' Money, a new book by Pulitzer prize-

winning reporter Wallace Turner [see review, page 55], tells how millions of dollars of the easinos' winnings have been invested around the country, and how the gamblers' ethics have begun to permeate the rest of American society. "When you bring in gamblers," Mr. Turner says, "you bring in trained law violators, and to expect them not to break the law is to expect the tides not to rise."

The wrecked lives along casino row, the malaise of some and the indifference of others—these things are clear to many in the city. The two artieles on the following five pages tell of efforts now being made to involve the Christian church compassionately and forcefully in all of Las Vegas' life. □

TELEPHONE



During his rounds of neon-lighted Las Vegas, Rick checks regularly with his wife for messages from troubled people who seek his help. Rick sleeps in two three-hour shifts so that he can get his work done and still have time to be with his family during early hours of the evening.

Chaplain Among Night People

Casinos, bars, and nightclubs are Rick Mawson's beat.

RICK Mawson works in a world that some call glamorous, but his concerns are found beneath the tinsel, bright lights, and makeup—down where the pain lies.

For the Rev. Richard I. Mawson is the Protestant chaplain on "the Strip," a four-mile stretch of highway that starts at the edge of Las Vegas and runs westward. Where 20 years ago only a few modest motels broke the sand, 11 lavish hotel-casinos stand today, each claiming to offer the best of everything that money can buy.

Las Vegas is publicized by its prolific news bureau as the "gaming" (a polite word for gambling) capital of the world. By innuendo or outright announcement, the visitor soon finds out that it also is a center of prostitution—high class, of course. Still others are drawn to the city by Nevada's quickie marriages and divorces or, if you prefer, divorce and remarriage.

These things—plus the fact that Las Vegas has the world's highest suicide rate and the nation's top crime rate—tend to draw the major

attention of a visiting reporter.

Rick, however, seeing the city from a closer perspective, has different reactions and emphases. His ministry, he is quick to explain, is service. His work cannot be understood unless it is first unmistakably clear that he is there to know and to serve—not to judge—the people with whom he counsels.

Who are they?

Thousands are hired to keep the money machines rolling, and they are the focus of Rick Mawson's ministry—the musicians, show girls, dancers, and other performers; the dealers, pit bosses, and security guards; the desk clerks, bellmen, bartenders, and waitresses.

Rick, the first full-time Protestant pastor on the Strip, started as the National Council of Churches' first worker-witness in Las Vegas during the summer of 1961. He was then still a student at Union Theological Seminary in New York. Worker-witnesses hold regular jobs while they witness, perhaps by conducting religious services but often, like

Rick, simply by living their faith and showing concern for others. Today, his work continues to be sponsored by the National Council and is underwritten primarily by his denomination, the United Church of Christ.

He conducts no services, has no sanctuary. "No congregation is being gathered," he says, "and probably never will be, since the ministry is truly an extension of the work of congregations already in existence."

Rick has made a start with laymen. "I began by talking with two casino dealers and a waitress who were recommended by local churches," he recalls, "and they were so eager they set me back on my heels." Now he has about 20 Strip employees who witness and act as trouble spotters for him.

Rick's introduction to the city was not entirely cordial. Because of a lapse of communication, local ministers did not know he was coming, and some considered his assignment evidence that the National Council lacked faith in them.



At the Hacienda Hotel, where he worked when he first came to Las Vegas, Rick talks to bellman Ralph Knapp. Contacts are difficult because each job specialty has its own in-group.

Rick's youth—he was 25 then—acted against him, too.

One of the preachers complained: "This is the World Series. We have the smartest gamblers, entertainers, and crooks. And who do we put in to work with them? A kid who hasn't even made the scrub team!" But Rick hung on and returned the next summer to start a 15-month internship. He came back—permanently, he vows—after getting a bachelor of divinity degree in June, 1964.

Rick feels that his early years, during which he lived through alcoholism, gambling, and divorce in his own family, prepared him for this ministry. He also came from a nonchurch background, which he shares with most of those he now serves.

That is part of why he is in Las Vegas; he knows the needs. He puts it this way: "My ministry is with people who will have nothing to do with the church, or who are estranged from it. A cocktail waitress, for example, or a prostitute, who feels she would not be welcome in a church. What we've done is to eliminate the offensive structure so that we can be present with



Methodist layman Tom Lucas (center), a musician at the Sands Hotel, lets Rick know when he is needed there.

them on their own ground. My motivation is not to bring people into the church, but to provide a world-centered Christian service. The church has a ministry to make these people's lives more human."

What kinds of people are they? All kinds, and for many it is a precarious livelihood. Male dancers are usually too old to hold a job by the time they are 40; female dancers by 30. Show girls last a few years, then are replaced as their beauty fades just a shade. In contrast, most hotel service employees are permanent residents. But "permanent" is a relative term; population turnover is high.

Rick began learning about Las Vegas while serving as a worker-witness in a hotel. It wasn't long before he faced a dilemma. Employees were made to understand that Negroes should not be reg-

istered. He told the management that he would register them anyway, but since several people worked the same shift, the manager suggested that he step back when Negroes approached.

"It would require discrimination on my part just to step back," Rick replied.

Rick did register a Negro. As a result, the next time he came to work he found that he had been transferred to the golf shop. A few months later, when he was moved back to the desk with a raise in pay and sole responsibility for the night shift, other employees knew that the policy had been changed. "The idea for putting me on the graveyard shift," says Rick, "was that it's easy for a desk clerk or cashier to steal, and they wanted someone they could trust.

"One of the things I learned," he

continued, "is where a person with conscience can make a witness. For example, a lot of money comes along, and I learned to make the distinction between bribes and tips."

Rick resolutely turned down any money offered *before* he'd helped a guest. "This brought lots of questions from other employees, and we had a chance to talk," he recalls. "But the actual situation didn't change much."

One of the problems, he says, is that some hotel employees, particularly those who have no unions to back them up, make less than a living wage and are always under financial pressure.

Now that his internship is behind him, Rick is a full-time pastor concentrating on counseling (especially suicide prevention). He also is planning for the enlargement of his ministry. Eventually, through a newly launched fund-raising foundation, he hopes to assemble a professional team, including a psychiatrist and a sociologist. He also dreams of including specialists in drama, music, and dance to provide outlets for frustrated performers who find themselves doing the same routines, seven nights a week, for as long as two years.

Rick believes Las Vegas needs a community structure to deal with its high suicide rate. He also thinks that, in this city where so many divorces are processed, a clinic for those in the throes of breaking up their families could render a strategic service.

"I think it's the role of the Christian," says Rick, "to participate in a community, to share in the guilt, the suffering, and the joys, but not to draw all of his value system from that community."

Rick and other concerned churchmen are helping Las Vegas citizens to see and to accept their responsibilities. "I expected to find a sold-out church here," he says, "but, in fact, there's a high level of clergy, well trained and involved in the community." □



Some local ministers at first resented Rick's work, but others, including Methodist Roger Sawyer (background), helped open doors for him in the community.

Methodist pastors in Las Vegas are mounting an . . .

Assault on a Moral Vacuum

"THE Strip ministry is important," says the Rev. Jerry Furr, "but the traditional church has even greater opportunities in Las Vegas."

Another of the city's Methodist pastors, the Rev. Robert M. Brashares, puts it this way: "We're fighting on all fronts all the time."

Mr. Furr says Las Vegas is laced with opportunities. As an example, he points to the thousands of highly skilled men who commute each day to the Atomic Energy Commission's test sites far out in the desert. Many of them spend an hour and a quarter riding a bus each way. Mr. Furr fairly explodes as he thinks of all that time.

"If we could launch a reading program," he points out, "it would be 50 times better than a Sunday-school class."

Mr. Furr, a native of Mississippi who left his Jackson church two years ago when the congregation turned Negroes away, sees some disquieting parallels between Jackson and Las Vegas.

"Many Las Vegans," he says, "react to gambling as many Southerners do to segregation. They don't want to admit it exists or that it affects them at all."

The Las Vegas area (Clark County) is sprouting like a young giant, and predictions are that the present population of 250,000 will double by 1972. Its residents form one of the youngest, best-educated, and most affluent communities in the country.

Until recently, however, the city's churches had not provided a strong and prophetic voice and had not made much impact. Now they are making a determined effort, spearheaded by a reinvigorated ministerial association which is pushing hard for open housing and is working to blast Las Vegas out of the lethargy that has sur-



Despite their tightened requirements, quickie marriages still trouble First Methodist pastor Bob Brashares (right) and associate Jon Longfellow, who perform 50 marriages a month. The photos are of some recent couples.

rounded the lack of response to the gambling milieu and the area's other problems.

"When we go to other places," says the Rev. Roger W. Sawyer, "we hear, 'Why don't the churches do something about gambling in Las Vegas?' Frankly, the churches don't do anything because we don't know what to do. And because the Christian community itself is divided on the question, I rather resent the implication that The Methodist Church is sitting on its hands."

The entertainment complex, built on gambling, is estimated to account for somewhere between 40 and 65 percent of the area's economy. "How do you go to a community and say, 'All right, let's get rid of gambling,' without having something to put in its place?" asks Mr. Sawyer. "I'm not wise enough to develop a plan for busi-

ness and industry to take up the slack in the event we could vote gambling out. Yet, I'm convinced our economy would make a recovery after a five-year slump."

Generally, churchmen are pushing now for discussion and concern, not for immediate action. As one of the first steps, a handful of Methodist ministers and laymen held a two-day seminar to discuss Christian witness amidst legalized gambling. Other churches are taking similar approaches, which may seem little enough, but the fact is, say the pastors, gambling was not even a subject for open discussion until the churches began recently to force the issue.

Other problems also demand attention. Experts call Nevada's welfare and mental-health services totally inadequate, and FBI reports list the Las Vegas crime rate as

highest in the United States. Mr. Sawyer is among those who see this as a direct result of gambling. Besides inviting the criminal element, he says, normally law-abiding people become lawbreakers when their luck and money run out.

On another front, Las Vegas residents are frightened about their children's welfare, yet there is little for teen-agers to do. "We grope some," says Mr. Furr, "but we don't have anything working."

The Methodist churches have, increasingly, made a united witness. A year ago they also made newspaper headlines by taking a strong stand against the garish, commercial wedding chapels. Calling them a blight on the community, the ministers announced that none of them would perform marriages in the chapels "under any circumstances." And First Methodist Church, which is across the street from the marriage license bureau, has deliberately reduced its marriage "business" by restricting its hours and insisting on pre-marital counseling.

Over in the Negro ghetto, the Rev. Marion Bennett quietly goes about the job of rebuilding the small congregation he took over in 1960. They are planning new church buildings that will make room for tutoring, a recreation program, and other community activities.

Mr. Bennett, president of the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, says Las Vegas is almost as segregated as his native South Carolina. The first breakthroughs in job opportunities have come just recently.

Downtown, at the old First Church, Bob Brashares plans for a new building near the University of Nevada's Las Vegas campus. He is concerned about the continuing problems of downtown, and dreams of a co-operative storefront mission. But only time will tell.

Mr. Brashares looks out over Las Vegas, with its glaring lights and the challenge and opportunity it presents to The Methodist Church, and he muses, "After this place, any other assignment would seem a little dull."

—CAROL M. DOIG



Methodist pastor Jerry Furr (above right) and layman Leland B. Newcomer, school superintendent, ponder the growing pains of residential Las Vegas, where population has quadrupled in just 10 years. Below, Methodist ministers Marion Bennett (local NAACP president) and Roger Sawyer meet downtown.





Summer Magic



MY FRIEND, THE HILL

This Hill has known my sorrows and my tears;
For here I came when living was too much
To lie in sun and feel its golden touch
Erasing, gently, all my doubts and fears.
This Hill has known each dream, each happiness;
When, once I knew the miracle of Love,
Green grass beneath my heart, blue skies above
Would share each sweet, remembered tenderness.
Always, when deeply moved, my steps would find
My friend who knew so well the mortal Me;
Here, high above the crescent of the sea,
I found my peace, the world left far behind.

Some child of child of mine, when long I rest,
May race, on urgent feet, to find its crest . . .

—Beulah Fenderson Smith



CHILD'S WISH

Too bad older people
Don't look at things.
My mom and dad and others
Say, "Just a bug with wings!"

But I don't see a bug with wings.
I see a tiny head,
And beady eyes,
And legs as thin as thread.
I see a hard black jacket,
And wings of netted veins,
With gauzy stuff between—
Bug-wing window panes.
I wonder what he's thinking.
Where does he plan to go?
How is it such a little thing
Could be made just so?

Oh, I wish older people
Would stop and look, and see.
And then I wish they'd sit a bit
And talk with me!

—Solveig Paulson Russell



SEA GULL

Webfooted, stilt-legged stance on rock
Gives way to swift takeoff
And sudden soaring grace.
Rhythmic wings beat the still air,
Bank and turn and effortlessly sail
Till suddenly,
A fluttering arc against the sunset sky,
The bird is veiled in light.

The rosy hue
Shines through translucent wings.
The gull becomes
A symbol and a dream
Of the bright glory
That may transform all earthly things.

—Virginia Shearer Hopper

PRIME RIBS and RHUBARB PIE

Rarely, only rarely, will a day compose itself as harmoniously as a symphony.

*For a mother, such a day is woven of familiar themes—a meal on the table, a fire on the hearth,
the touch of a child's hand, and a wordless 'thank you.'*

By Charlotte Edwards

REMEMBER the time when you decided to make a casserole for dinner? You were in a hurry, and you just reached hither and yon and threw things together. Then, when you served it, much to your amazement, that casserole turned out to be the most delicious gourmet creation you had ever tasted?

And you were never quite able to duplicate it again!

A day can be like that.

One night, a short time ago, I wanted to start all over. I wanted to be young again and live in two rooms and keep them shining. I wanted to make stews, beans cooked all day, and vegetable soup, dicing each entry with leisurely care.

I wanted to buy, when the baby was coming, a little house on the wrong side of town, or a big monster that needed paint and paper. A house that cost little down, less a month, and had a small lot needing no special care.

I wanted to be leisurely and patient with the hands stretched out

to me, young and old, especially those of that one man my own age.

I wanted to take a half-hour nap in the afternoon, and learn to sew, and knit a lot, and read all the books in my bookcase.

Yet, as I lay awake in the dark, I was deeply content for all of my asking. I asked myself, and now I ask you: "Where does a woman's first and greatest fulfillment lie? What is her surest satisfaction?"

The day of the night of my thinking, I was at home. It was a day of sunshine and dancing shadow. The air was fresh and cool, and ambition rode supreme in me.

Now, this was no drive to write and sway people on paper. This was a basic kind of ambition not often allowed to come to the surface. Because not often is there time for it.

I hemmed bathroom curtains. I washed the big front windows. I went to the store and bought rhubarb, at 40¢ a pound, no less, and concocted a pie with an intricate lattice top. When I took it from the oven, in all modesty, it seemed to

cry for a magazine photographer to do it in color for the food pages.

I turned down the heat and set a six-pound prime rib roast in the oven. In time, I peeled potatoes and browned them around the meat. I cooked fresh green beans and covered them with creamy mushroom sauce.

I set the table, ignoring the television trays just as I had ignored the TV dinners in the freezer. I brought out candles, cut flowers in the garden and arranged them in a low bowl, and dragged a piece of wood from the backyard and set it ablaze in the fireplace.

Then, I corralled everybody, taking my time, speaking softly, instead of snapping at them to hurry because I had so much to do. We all took our time. The candles winked. The flowers tossed their perfume. The fireplace whispered and drew to perfection. The prime rib was dark crusty brown on the outside, oozing red on the inside. The pie needed only the lightest touch of a fork.

My son yelled: "I have to have

another piece of that pie, Mom. I've simply got to."

My husband said: "Will it spoil a leftover meal if I finish off that meat?"

My mother, whose appetite and way of talking both had been changed by a stroke, shuffled up to me proudly with an empty plate and said, "That was such a good dinner. You're a good cook!"

Eventually, at different times, everybody seemed to want to kiss or pat me.

That night I knew something, I who have worked all my grown years one way or another. If I could do it all over again, every day would be such a day. I would be a housewife, a mother, a daughter, a wife—and nothing else.

I would make do with slipcovers and mat rugs and cheap curtains—and walking to the market with a little child's hand in mine.

In all areas of my life, I would take time . . . for the slow cooking,

the slow basting of life's pleasures, the slow browning of life's growing, everything turned to low heat, and steady, and sure. And watched.

I would fulfill my destiny, what I was made for, in a purely female way. And there would be security in those I love that I could give them in no other, more material way.

You see, that evening my mother called me into her room. She sat up in the hospital bed, thin as she never used to be, and with weak tears in her eyes she told me—and it took a long time—how kind I was to her.

The boy, in his bed with his dog beside him, put in his call, too. He wanted, despite his size, to be tucked in. I sat beside him and it all began to come out. The things at school. The friends, the worries, the great unreal and unrealized dreams.

Later, my husband sat down beside me on the davenport and

pushed my head gently against his shoulder and held me in silence for a long time.

No wonder I went to bed so happy that I could not sleep. Everything I wanted from each of them, all of them, like the juices in that prime rib roast, came to me that night.

Because I cooked a good meal? No, not that, alone. I cook quite a few of them, really. But I don't do it with slow paced timing. I don't hum a satisfied tune as I work. I don't do it joyfully, in no hurry, with affection for a pie, a candle, a place setting—and the three of them.

That day shines in my memory, all the proper ingredients mixed in proper proportion. A day of tasting, of value, of nourishment, of beauty. It was like the casserole, a delicious gourmet creation.

And I hope very much that I will be able to duplicate it, again and again. □

RETROSPECTION

IT HAS BEEN said we should not live in the past, but always look to the future. But somehow, I kept wondering if we would not get in the same rut and commit our mistakes again if we did not recall them.

So it came to me, why not do some memory X rays to locate the roots of errors, intentional or otherwise? This back-thinking has left me with some scars, but I am hoping the mind-sweeping will discourage a repetition of the past put-offs.

The first find of my personal exploration was a cloudlike mist crowding in between every nook and cranny, seemingly in mass production. It turned out to be wasted time, enough of it to make Gregory XIII wish he had never tried to amend Julian's calendar.

Then, stuck down in one corner was an old grudge, still sharp edged although on one side there was no dust, as though it had been taken out and aired frequently. This, I had to admit, was true.

Next: a group of unfinished prayers. Begun in sincerity, they had not been prayed to completion before sleep took possession of me. How much can one be forgiven for succumbing to selfish comfort? All I can say now is, "I'm sorry."

After that, a profusion of withheld smiles, encouraging words, messages of condolence, honest

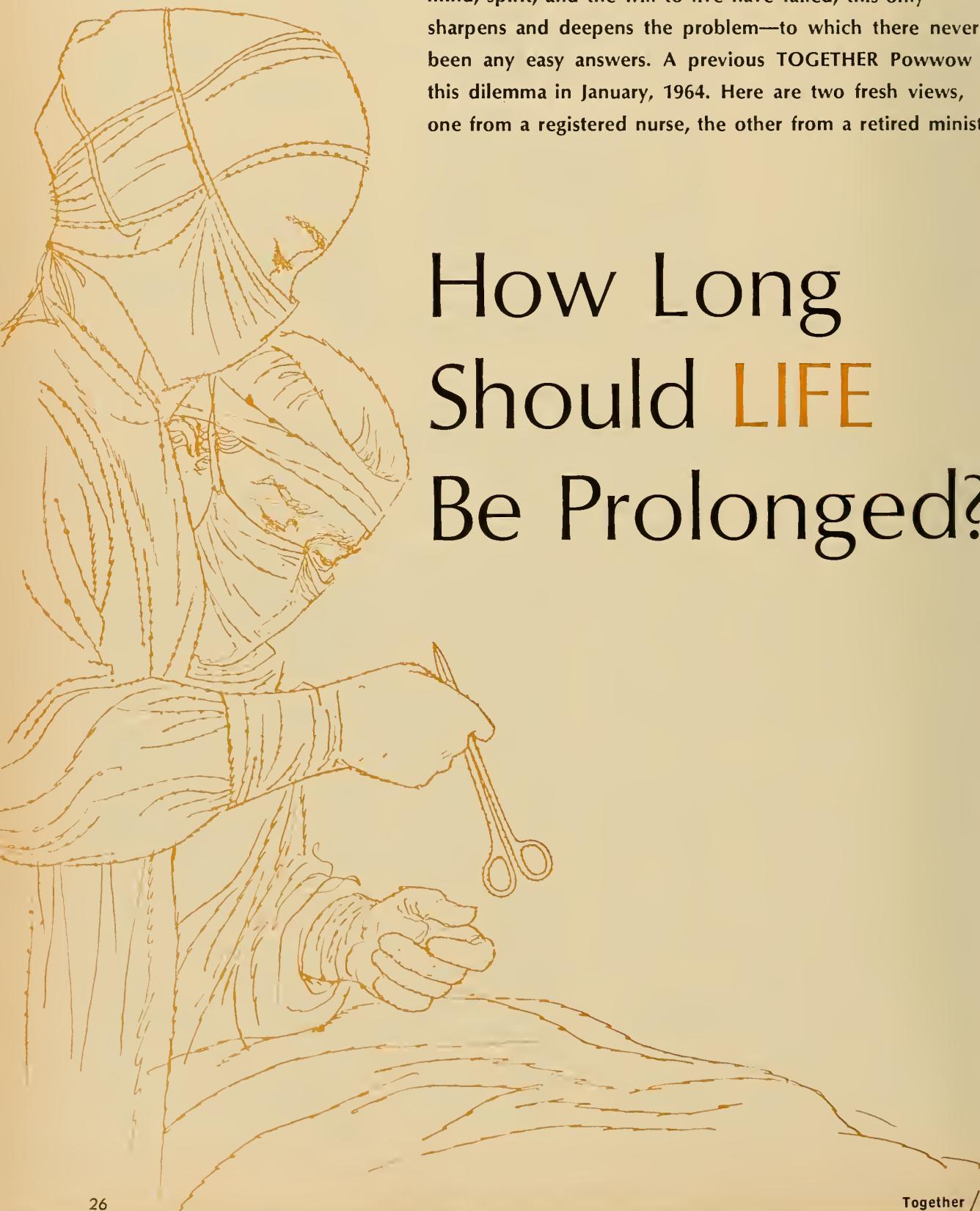
praise and appreciation; unanswered letters and telephone calls; promises by the peck. How could I have been so lax when I had thought I was so careful not to forget little acts of kindness? But here they were: boxes of goodies I had meant to send to the elderly, lonely couple up the street; books, cards, and cheerful notes that should have gone to hospital patients. And among them a bright swatch of green.

I could hardly recognize it—but it was jealousy, born of seeing my well-to-do friend in her mink coat, hands dripping with diamonds, when all the time I knew I would have been a sight wearing them. I averted my eyes in disgust and found myself looking at a sheaf of typewritten pages that had worked their way out of the heap of good intentions. How could I have not finished those? They were the recipes I promised a young bride who wanted so much to become a good cook. Do you suppose that poor fellow who came to my door last week asking for a sandwich could have been her starving groom?

But now I had no more time. With a sense of having begun something worthwhile, I dumped all the undone items into a rusty can marked "The Should Haves." Then I installed a new, gleaming silver container marked "These I Will Do." I hope I will.

—HELEN PIERPONT SATTERFIELD

✚ Modern medical skills sometimes can keep us alive long beyond the point where nature would have us die. This can be an unbounded blessing. But if life is sustained after mind, spirit, and the will to live have failed, this only sharpens and deepens the problem—to which there never have been any easy answers. A previous TOGETHER Powwow examined this dilemma in January, 1964. Here are two fresh views, one from a registered nurse, the other from a retired minister.



How Long Should LIFE Be Prolonged?

'Let Me Die With Dignity'

Says Helen Scott Wylie

Registered Nurse

DEAR DOCTOR:

For many years, I have been an ethical nurse. I have taken orders from M.D.s and carried them out with unquestioning precision. I have fulfilled my duties faithfully and defended your profession when criticism by patients was hard to overcome. Now I am going to say a few things to you, dear young doctor.

You know how proud I am of my Registered Nurse degree, and I fully realize it may be jeopardized by this frank letter. But I believe our patients need to be heard. And I want to say something for myself.

Our days are numbered, and we accept it. Of course we must die. It is the law of nature and the Almighty. It is a fact—and man, not even the most brilliant and dedicated scientist or doctor, can alter this natural law.

That, doctor, brings me to the point of this message. Do you really know how your elderly patients feel? Your father took good care of them during his lifetime, and you have done equally well since his death. But do you know how they really feel?

There is an old lady, past 85, who has been in the nursing home for several months now. The home is beautiful and new, and filled with the most modern equipment, but the old lady is getting very tired. Her heart beats harder than it used to—it must, to push blood through stiffening arteries. Sometimes her bones ache intolerably, and she would like to stay in bed all day, quietly dozing and reminiscing.

But the nurses won't let her. They say, briskly: "Your doctor left orders for you to be up and dressed and out in the lounge every morning."

"Oh, why? I am so tired," she protests. "So very tired."

"You mustn't get in the habit of staying in bed," they tell her in gay but scolding young voices. "You'll get bedsores, and they're so hard to heal. We can't have your skin breaking down. Come on now—up you go. We'll help you get dressed."

So in 10 minutes, she is hurriedly clothed (they have so many to help, they must rush). She is escorted to the patients' lounge. It is a sunny, beautiful room with big windows, and she looks out on the mountains—wondering perhaps whence our help cometh. Lovely bouquets of flowers are all around. Some come from the churches, but the biggest are from the mortuaries, brought here after funerals. The sight of them, she tells me, always makes her wonder whether one of her contemporaries has left an earth weary body and gone on the last long journey.

And there is the sad old former banker, now past 90. He had extensive surgery for cancer two years ago and recovered—if you can call it recovering with yards of plastic tubing installed to take care of body functions. He has anemia, too, dear doctor, and he cannot see very well nor hear very much, anymore. He is very, very tired and wants, even prays, to sink into the last long sleep.

He tried to do something about it and refused to take the seven different medicines you had ordered—the tranquilizers to keep him calm, the mood elevator to make him happy (?), liver injections for his blood, vitamins for a nonexistent appetite, digitalis for the exhausted heart, hormones for cancer control, preparation by hypodermic needle for the weakening muscles.

"Is he taking lots of fluids?" you asked.

"Hardly anything, doctor. He

says he will soon be over the last big jump. He really doesn't want to live any longer since his wife died. His pulse is almost imperceptible. He is very close to terminal and is just sleeping away."

"Get an intravenous tray," you ordered. "I'll start him on two quarts a day. And order that potent new vitamin to go in it. It's a real pepper-upper. We'll have him back on his feet in no time." Your voice was so full of confidence and vitality.

And so after a week of intravenous feeding he was able to sit on the side of the bed for a few minutes and take several bites of pureed food from his tray before he fell back on the pillows exhausted. He resents you bitterly for taking the laws of nature into your own, very efficient, young hands, and holding him here against his will.

"He tied my arm to a board," he told me when I stopped by to say good morning. "I can stop eating and drinking and taking medicine but I couldn't stop him giving me fluid in the vein. Just keeps me lingering a little longer," he said. Tears of weakness and frustration seeped from dull eyes.

"I tried," he went on. "I wiggled my arm until the needle came out of the vein, but he just came in and started it all over again. And he is so strong—I had to give up. I'm too tired to fight him. But why—why does he do it?"

Does this make you feel proud, doctor?

I think of the poor tiny lady brought into the nursing home a few days ago. She doesn't know who she is, nor where, nor why. She mumbles only of the long ago past and cries because her father does not come to take her away from the "school." At least she did cry—until tranquilizers made her so sleepy she just curled up quietly in bed.

Now she has pneumonia and you, doctor, are using every modern miracle drug at your command to hold her here, to keep her artificially alive. You even injected Adrenalin into the heart muscle when it stopped beating. You started oxygen and gave her a big dose of digitalis to whip up the

fluttering pulse. You told the nurse triumphantly:

"Well, we saved her again. In the morning I'll come by and start an intravenous. We can't afford to have her kidneys going bad on us."

Why, dear doctor, *why* do you use these heroic measures?

On a child, of course. On a young person or somebody who is middle-aged, yes. But why on these poor, worn-out shells do you go all out to obstruct a natural conclusion?

There is nothing in the Oath of Hippocrates that says you shall endeavor to prolong life beyond the normal limits. There is nothing that says you shall artificially keep old bodies alive after the mind has ceased to function, after cerebral hemorrhages and paralysis have inactivated the once normal actions.

I am a Christian, and I do not believe in suicide nor in euthanasia. I believe fully in letting the laws of nature perform according to the plan of God.

Your father was our family phy-

sician, and he taught me many great things about medicine and about life. He sat at my mother's bedside while she was dying.

"Can't you do something to save her?" I pleaded.

"Dear girl," he said, "when we reach this point in life, nothing can help. Of course I could give her a stimulant and keep her breathing another hour. But why? There is a time for living and a time for dying. Your mother has lived a full life and, when the body wears out, it is a time to let her go. You will miss her—we will all miss her. She has lived with dignity; now we will let her go with dignity. That is the way she would want it and the way the Lord meant it to be."

I often think of your father. This is why I am writing to tell you that when my time comes, *I don't want any emergency measures taken*. I refuse to have them.

I have given this a great deal of careful thought. Perhaps, when I grow very old, I will think

differently than I now do. Perhaps I will want to hang on desperately to even the thinnest thread of life.

But I don't think so. In fact, I already have drawn up a statement that I intend to have properly witnessed and inserted into my health record when I grow old and tired. It says:

"When my hour of death approaches, no doctor, neither my own personal physician, nor any doctor who is relieving him, nor any substitute who may be sent by him, is to take any measures whatsoever to artificially preserve or stimulate life in my body that is ready to die. Neither oxygen nor any stimulant drugs shall be administered by mouth, by means of a hypodermic needle, nor in the vein."

My reason, dear doctor, is simple. I want to die with dignity.

Affectionately,
YOUR NURSE

☧ *I swear by Apollo, the physician, and Aesculapius and health and all-heal and all the gods and goddesses that, according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this oath and stipulation:*

TO RECKON him who taught me this art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him and relieve his necessities if required: to regard his offspring as on the same footing with my own brothers, and to teach them this art if they should wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation, and that by precept, lecture, and every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the art to my own sons and to those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath, according to the law of medicine, but to none others.

I WILL follow that method of treatment which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to anyone if asked, nor suggest any such counsel; furthermore, I will not give to a woman an instrument to produce abortion.

WITH purity and with holiness, I will pass my life and practice my art. I will not cut a person who is suffering with a stone, but will leave this to be done by practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption: and further from the seduction of females or males, bond or free.

WHATEVER, in connection with my professional practice, or not in connection with it, I may see or hear in the lives of men which ought not be spoken abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret.

WHILE I continue to keep this oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the art, respected by all men at all times; but should I trespass and violate this oath, may the reverse be my lot.

—OATH OF HIPPOCRATES

'A Decision for Man—Or God?'

Asks Horace G. Smith

President Emeritus, Garrett Theological Seminary

"TO BE, or not to be; that is the question."

By and large, men and women of today have answered Hamlet's question by saying in deed if not in word: "It is better to be than not to be." It is true that nearly 19,000 people in the United States take their own lives every year, and many more contemplate that course but do not follow it. However, the almost unanimous judgment of thoughtful people is against any attempt to end life by self-destruction.

This same unanimity on the right to die does not hold true in another context. Most octogenarians, like myself, owe our existence to the power of some new drug without which our lives would have been forfeited years ago. For these drugs, perpetual thanks should be offered, but some of them are being used to prolong life indefinitely even though the eventual outcome is certain and inevitable. As a result, many patients are "finished with life yet denied an end."

In these cases, the answer to Hamlet's question is not as clear as it is when it pertains to suicide. Physicians seem united in their purpose to hold the patient this side of the boundary line as long as the last flicker of life can be maintained. But more and more laymen wonder about this, and some beseech the doctor to let them or a loved one escape into the peace of another life.

At times I have been almost persuaded to take that point of view, but a recent experience makes me hesitate.

I was in the hospital for 18 days, and the other bed in the room was occupied by a succession of four patients, one of whom did not live.

He was a man well past 70 who had faced a long convalescence from a very severe operation. During this difficult time, he had gradually lost the will to live, already weakened by the death of his wife.

As the end approached, he suffered repeated sinking spells. Each time a retinue of doctors and nurses utilized all the resources of a great modern hospital to recall him to face life and death again. Watching this team of professionally trained men and women work together to save this one stricken life was a heartening sight, but as the crew of healers girded themselves for another bout with death, the patient's daughter, his only visitor, said to me: "I hate to see him put through this ordeal again."

Her remark stayed with me during a night of intermittent sleep. I remembered a recent discussion in a church journal [TOGETHER, January, 1964, page 32] on the question: "Should the doctor let them die?" When the head nurse made her morning visit, I asked her:

"Wouldn't it be a great kindness to let my roommate slip away in peace and put an end to his useless suffering?"

She turned on me with mingled surprise and anger. Calling me by name so I would know that she knew I was a minister, she said: "Don't you know it is the duty of a nurse and a physician to prolong life, not to take life?" With that she turned and left the room, her very bearing emphasizing the rebuke she had given me.

I did not have the temerity to raise the same question with the attending physician, much less with the battery of omnipresent interns, who were only half concealing their anxiety to present a proper profes-

sional bearing. Both the older and younger doctors would have agreed, I am sure, with the dean of a great medical school who had spoken to a group of ministers. One of them ventured to ask: "What is your school doing to make way for the acceptance of 'mercy deaths'?" The dean's answer was immediate and forthright: "Nothing, and I hope to God we never do."

Although the issue of "mercy deaths" may be far removed from just letting a hopelessly ill patient die naturally, the basic problem is the same. In each case, the continuance or the cessation of life would be left for mortal man to decide. This, of course, is counter to the meaning suggested by an old phrase that is full of mystery: "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

My encounter with this nurse made me see more clearly an aspect of the matter that will not down. Nurses, as well as doctors, have been trained in the tradition that their first duty is to save life. It is an integral part of the standard by which they live and work. The oath they take binds them to this ideal. Patients and their loved ones trust them because of this attitude on the sacredness of life.

One faces here a deep and searching question. Is it possible to modify this concept so strongly held by nurses and doctors without fundamentally changing whole viewpoints if not their very personalities? It might be as hard to expunge this idea without disturbing other portions of their professional code as it would have been for Shylock to take his pound of flesh without drawing blood. It would probably undermine their reverence for life. And if it did, would we want to trust our lives to nurses and doctors who lacked that basic quality of deep-seated concern?

So a challenge from a nurse whose name I do not even know has remanded this delicate issue of life and death to me for further study. Now I want more time to consider what such power over life would do to nurses and doctors as well as to the patients they care for and to their families. □



At Werner Peak Lookout, near Glacier National Park, the Kerles carefully recorded the exact location of fires.

In a vast wilderness of soaring peaks and timeless glaciers, a young couple—linked to nature as observers for Montana's Forest Service—spent three summers in a paradise Thoreau might have envied.

West of Walden

By ARTHUR G. KERLE

IN THE SHADOW of Boston's Revolutionary War shrines and battlefields shimmers another kind of memorial: Walden Pond. This tiny patch of water and the woods round about it are preserved as a shrine to a classic American—Henry David Thoreau, writer, lecturer, naturalist, thinker.

It was on the white sand shores of Walden Pond that the Great American Wanderer built his renowned hut. And it was here, during 1845-47, that he lived and wrote, close to the nature he knew so well.

It was this same lovable old dissident who said, "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." Though more than a century has passed, his words have the same clear ring of truth about them. That truth, realized or not, has sent many a soul in pursuit of his own Walden. Mine, I am sure, would have made Thoreau a thoroughly happy man.

My Walden—or, more correctly,

our Walden, since my wife and I shared it—was a far cry from that quiet Massachusetts pond and the oak and beech woods a mile outside Concord. Ours was nearly a continent away, perched on a ridge of rock reaching a mile and more into the brisk Montana sky.

The cabin we called home was smaller than his, but it boasted many more than two windows. And most surely it had a superior view. Our wilderness home was a forest fire lookout tower; and while we did not own it, neither were we squatters like our friend Thoreau!

A dozen years have slipped away since we first set up housekeeping in the clouds, yet it is as yesterday. For three summers, we knew the quiet grandeur of the mountains as only a privileged few do in this hectic age.

Our primary task was one of awesome importance. We were the eyes of the forest service, and beneath our perch, entrusted to us, sprawled thousands of acres of vir-

gin timber. Many lives—and livelihoods—were ours to watch over. During the rains we relaxed slightly, but during dry weeks that transformed the undulating green into a monstrous tinderbox, we were on constant alert, a trigger spring for the taut Montana State Forest Service.

Werner Peak, our Walden, stands in the shadow of Glacier National Park. While thousands of summer visitors puttered and poked about in this American Alpine gem, and others wheeled through unseeing, we perched in contented loneliness atop our windswept ridge, 7,000 feet above the Stillwater Forest on one hand and the Flathead on the other.

We watched lavish sunsets unfold, and then recede into the hushed velvet of night. Rarely did we light our lantern; to shut out sight of the heavens would have been a transgression. If, after hearing a tree fall in the night-stillness of a Maine forest, Thoreau was able

to write what has been called the most perfect sentence in the English language, we wonder what he would have felt and said had he stood on our catwalk etched against the night sky. And if he searched for all of nature's treasures in Concord, what would have been his rewards here!

Like the sage of Walden, we dwelt close enough to nature to know her moods. If the usual day was crystal and the night spangled, can you imagine a storm? There were periods when the wind shrieked for days at a time, rattling window frames endlessly, monotonously. There were times, too, when rain lashed the tower, and fingers of cold would ferret us out in spite of the roaring fire in our cherry-reddened stove. Most somber of all were the fog-filled days and nights, when dampness invaded even our down sleeping bags.

But by far the most awesome were the lightning storms. Time after time, we would cringe as raw bolts of electricity seared our tower, leaving the burned, flat taste of ozone in our nostrils.

During a night storm, the lookout peers into the black void, attempting to keep track of the lightning strikes into his terrain. For often these strikes lie dormant in the damped forest, only to flick alive weeks later in tiny wisps of blue smoke. Thus we shared many a long storm-night, warmed by the ever-bubbling coffeepot—watching, waiting, recording lightning strikes. Thoreau's long nights alone by his solitary hearth seem empty, almost pointless by comparison.

In the weeks following a storm, we put extra effort into watching and scanning, especially in the general areas where we had seen "hot strikes" go down. There were many spine-tingling times when smokes were discovered by one or the other of us. First we carefully observed the thin blue plume until we had pinpointed its location. Accuracy at this point meant success or failure to the fire fighters who counted on our spotting to *within* a quarter of a quarter-mile square!

Only then did we crank our battery phone and report our find to headquarters. Emergencies such as these kept us on our toes and made

us feel we were an integral part of the forest service. Our hermitage had direction and import; we were a link in the forest's rhythm.

Daily routine, combined with the task of scanning the limitless green seas below, lent wings to weeks, and all too soon the first stinging snows of late August reached out

for us. Shortly thereafter, with reluctant step, we would leave our aerie.

Friends and family still ask, "Didn't you get lonely? What *did* you do all day long?" In truth, our days were so full with sharing the necessary work of maintaining ourselves and our lookout station that

Revisiting Werner Peak after nine years' confinement to civilization, the author—with his children—dreams of a future summer at the lookout.



time never hung heavily. Like Thoreau's, our days were crammed with honest labor.

As Helen baked our bread in a wood-stove oven, or washed the dishes, she also looked for that ominous wisp of blue. While we cleaned and shined windows—180 of them—we kept an eye cocked for smoke. As I chopped and split our wood, I scanned miles of rolling forest ranges.

Even during meals we were on watch. As we sat at the tower's doll-sized table, perhaps chatting over a second cup of coffee, we were on the alert. Was that dust along a logging road—or something sinister? Is that suspicious-looking something smoke from a Great Northern freight crawling through the valley 11 miles from our perch? We reported at least one Great Northern "smoker" as an honest-to-goodness forest fire! But on one Fourth of July, we called in a fire right smack in the middle of the hamlet of Olney *before* the residents reported it themselves! In fairness, we must quickly add that we had the advantage of a phone, which most of the folks in Olney did not.

Lookout duty brought to us the priceless gift of friendships. At the ranger station, we found many that were cemented tighter each year as the fire seasons rolled around. Not only in the forest service camp, but in Olney, and again at some of the outlying ranches, we met a brand of hospitality that had never existed for us elsewhere. The people privileged us with their gifts of laughter, woodmanship, know-how, and wisdom. The aloneness of the mountaintop was always counterbalanced by the warmth of those below. These were people who respected the depth and magnitude of the out-of-doors in which they lived and labored.

We recall the colony of ground squirrels who burrowed in the rocks at the tower's feet. By ritual, they shared our morning flapjacks. Our never-varying rule was, "First one is for the chipmunks." They soon knew the rule, too! Sylvester, as we called the largest, manfully tugged the doughy prize to his burrow with a series of jerks and tumbles as soon as it plopped to the ground.

We remember the somber little sparrow hawk who laid claim to the tip of our telephone pole, turned his back on us, and co-existed.

We laugh when we think of the mountain bluebird family that used our thin copper aerial as a perch. The babies teetered on the metal strand—and often found themselves hanging upside down, little wings beating furiously to right themselves, and almost human

looks of surprise on their bird faces.

There was comradeship to be found in the open spaces, too, with the woodsmen and ranchers who were scattered in the clearings and forest, miles beneath us. People who for the most part we never came to know, but as they caught sight of our night lantern every now and again, I am sure they nodded a silent greeting.

And who is to say there was not a common bond between us? Thoreau would quickly agree to this thesis. His description of a night-light shining from a distant farmhouse window almost cries out for his want of comradeship.

LOOKOUT duty brought to us the priceless gift of friendships. At the ranger station, we found many that were cemented tighter each year as the fire seasons rolled around. Not only in the forest service camp, but in Olney, and again at some of the outlying ranches, we met a brand of hospitality that had never existed for us elsewhere. The people privileged us with their gifts of laughter, woodmanship, know-how, and wisdom. The aloneness of the mountaintop was always counterbalanced by the warmth of those below. These were people who respected the depth and magnitude of the out-of-doors in which they lived and labored.

Of the many mountain friends whose memory we esteem, undoubtedly the one we cherish most is that of Harold Wilson, the pro-

prietor of the Olney general store. Often his helping hand was nearby and often his cheerful commentary rattled through the earpiece of our ancient telephone.

Fondly we relive the picnics with his family, the fishing trips to secret beaver ponds and hidden brooks, the happy chatter as we sat at his table, indulging in our first taste of elk, savoring huge mugs of fierce coffee, or digging into heaps of western-style bacon and eggs.

Curley Wilson is gone now, but like the many who called him friend, my wife and I are a little bigger for having known him, just as we are for having shared the sublimity of a lookout's existence.

For weeks at a time, we trod in that strange liberty Thoreau described as being part of nature herself. We touched the stars, stood close to the wind, saw a glacier lily nodding among thousands of her sisters, wordlessly walked hand in hand along a mountain brow.

Yet, another saw it more clearly than did our solitary Concord friend. It was Robert Louis Stevenson who said, "I wished a companion to lie near me in the darkness, silent, and not speaking, yet ever within touch. For a man to live alone in the out of doors with the woman he loves, is of all the lives, the life most complete and free."

That is what I cherished at my Walden in the clouds. It was the very tempo Thoreau would have quaffed, yet it passed him by as he lived and wrote alone by his pond. Thus, paradoxically, we took leave of him as we walked through golden days and silvered nights, and three summers passed much too soon.

Fire-watching, storms, friendships, and the rhythm of nature round about are but memories as the years mount and a life of quiet desperation begins to loom over my shoulder.

One day, hopefully, we'll return. It will be a changed Walden with three moppets along to rock the old tower with the boundless energy of youth. But the basic ingredients will be there still—the challenge of fire-watching, the mountaintops and forests, and God's nature in all her moods. □



"Not many people know about this short cut."

New Jersey Area

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AUGUST, 1965

Conference Grows, Changes Name

Under clear, hot summer skies the 129th session of the New Jersey Annual Conference was held in Ocean City from June 9-13.

It changed its name to the Southern New Jersey Annual Conference, subject to a change by Newark to the Northern New Jersey Annual Conference.

Outstanding messages from leaders across the church made the session one of the most memorable in recent years. The reception of 20 Negro churches and their ministers as part of the conference set the tone of brotherhood which characterized every action.

Devotional addresses through the sessions were brought by Dr. Clark Hunt of Westfield; the Rev. Hooker Davis, new director of urban work in the conference; and the Rev. David Lawrence of Drew. Mrs. Porter Brown, new head of the Board of Missions, emphasized the total mission of Methodism, while Dr. Kermit Long, recently elected as general secretary of the Board of Evangelism, brought the conference to its knees in a spirit-filled sermon which called the delegates to commitment as evangelists.

Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., led the delegates through the lengthy paces of business sessions with humor and ability. For the New Jersey Conference, this was an eight-month year, fulfilling the change from a September to a June conference voted last year. Nevertheless, many important items were voted by the delegates. The conference:

. . . Received 20 former Delaware Conference churches at a memorable ceremony, and the Rev. Hooker Davis became an executive secretary in the conference Board of Missions.

. . . Established three new churches at Cherry Hill (Old Orchard), Freehold Township, and Middletown Township.

. . . Called for the expansion of *The Methodist Relay* to an area paper.

. . . Heard that conference member-

Retiring Minister Was One Of Five Brothers in Pastorate

The Rev. Paul A. Callender, Sr., pastor of Butler Methodist Church, retired from the ministry, June 20, when the Newark Annual Conference met at Drew University.

Mr. Callender was born in Carverton, Pa., to the late Rev. and Mrs. Clark Callender. He and his four brothers all entered the Methodist ministry.

There's More to Come!

Sessions of the Northern New Jersey Conference, which were held too late for this issue of *TANE*, will be reported in full next month. The former Newark Conference held its meeting at Drew University during the week of June 13.

ship grew by a net of 1,000 members in the eight-month year, with over 5,800 received in the period.

. . . Paid more than \$257,000 in World Service—almost the complete goal in the shortened year.

. . . Adopted a new proportionate basis for apportionments.

. . . Heard that one conference family in four now receives *TOGETHER*, an increase of over 10 percent.

. . . Opposed a National Election Day the first Sunday of November; called for a negotiated settlement in Vietnam utilizing the United Nations; urged a fuller exploration of disarmament; supported the War on Poverty; stated its approval of planned parenthood, and re-emphasized Methodism's "open door" for all people.

. . . Established a committee to consider the need for a fifth district.

. . . Agreed in principle to the establishment of two new homes for the aged, to be run jointly by the two conferences.

. . . Entered the death-benefit program of the Board of Pensions for all ministers, along with an educational benefit program for children of deceased members.

. . . Adopted a World Service and conference benevolent budget of \$438,682.

. . . Welcomed a new treasurer, the Rev. David A. Wilson, Jr., and a new youth director, the Rev. David Chamberlain.

. . . Congratulated Dr. Ernest W. Lee, former treasurer, on his election to a post in the Division of National Missions.

At a laymen's weekend, held in conjunction with the conference session, Bishop Taylor awarded certificates to 65 men and women who completed the lay speakers' course.

Featured speaker at a huge laymen's rally was Donald Barnhouse, Philadelphia television news analyst.



Memorial Given to Drew

A bronze statue of St. John the Baptist by Doris Ceasar is a memorial to Albert F. Brown, a senior, presented by the class of 1965, students, faculty, and friends of the Theological and Graduate Schools of Drew University. Dean Charles W. Ranson accepted the memorial at the annual alumni association dinner meeting.

Al Brown's parents are members of the Fairview Church in Camden and Al was working with a youth group of a Plainfield church at the time of his death. The statue will be housed in Seminary Hall at Drew University, Madison.

The presentation was a highlight of the alumni meeting.

Christians Beyond the Border



Bishop Wunderlich, left, and Bishop Taylor in East Germany.

"What will you tell the people in the United States of America about us when you return?" asked a radiant young Christian in East Germany during my recent visit to the Central Germany Annual Conference. Bishop and Mrs. Friedrich Wunderlich and I had traveled 300 kilometers from Frankfurt to Plauen to attend this conference. My reply was that I had not seen enough of the state to make a comment. "But I will tell them that I found the church in good health." He was happy over my reply.

I can never be the same after having lived for a week and shared the experiences of these brave, hopeful, radiant, and enlightened Christians. There were many things that impressed me. Some gave me great concern.

1. I was greatly encouraged by the exceptionally high caliber of young ministers in the conference. We do not have any conference in Methodism with a larger percentage of brilliant young theologians than I found there. And these men are not mere academicians, familiar with the current theological jargon. They are dedicated scholars who are practitioners in the faith, serving as pastors in the churches.

2. There is a sincere and universal hunger for peace, although there are different interpretations of how it is to be achieved.

3. The United States has a tremendous opportunity yet to give hope by working out our own embarrassing racial problems. I was confronted with this question more than any other single question during my stay in East Germany.

4. The masses of people in East Germany are more concerned about relationships than they are about the forms of government. Where they feel there is hope, they work through the government. But where there seems to be none without the denial of their Christian principles, they work around it. Several times during the session of the conference, where government representatives attended, these Christians made their position unequivocally clear: "There come times when we are compelled to obey God rather than men." And it was during such a service that a government representative expressed the deep respect the government holds for Bishop Wunderlich and The Methodist Church in East Germany. "We do not think alike," he admitted, "but we have learned to co-exist." It is the fervent faith of the church in Jesus Christ that has won the respect of the communist government, even though the government does not accept the church's point of view.

5. The merger of the Evangelical United Brethren and The Methodist Church is of tremendous significance to both groups in East Germany, and we owe it to these struggling Christians to work out ways to make this merger a reality. The EUB group and the Methodist group are of equal strength, and a merged church will strengthen their witness where such witness is so desperately needed. The difficulties which some here in the States envision in the merger fade into insignificance in the light of the hope it can give to the Christians beyond the borders of freedom as we interpret it today.

We must keep the lines of communication open among Christians in every land whatever the form of government. They need our support. We should seek to open lines of communication with the enemies of our faith, for however else do we hope to communicate the mind of Christ?

PRINCE A. TAYLOR, JR.



A Changing of the Guard

The Rev. Davis A. Wilson, Jr., left, new treasurer of the Southern New Jersey Conference, is instructed in his duties by W. Frank Egan, center, chairman of the Commission on World Service and Finance, and Dr. Ernest W. Lee, former treasurer. Mr. Wilson was appointed by Bishop Taylor at the recent conference session. He will also head all conference financial programs.

50 Years of Married Life Marked

The Rev. and Mrs. John B. Kirby, Sr., celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on June 7. An honored member of the Southern New Jersey Conference, Mr. Kirby was treasurer until his retirement at the 1964 conference session.



Contest Winner Given Bible

Dr. Arthur P. Whitney, right, above, national secretary of campus ministry, American Bible Society, presents a wide-margin New Testament to Warren L. Danskin, winner of the George R. Crooks Scripture reading contest held at Drew University, the theological school.

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Ceremony Ends Campaign

The burning of building-fund envelopes signified complete payment of \$70,000 for the education building of the Old First Church, West Long Branch. The building was consecrated in 1962 and cost of construction has been met by the congregation through the fund envelopes.

Shown, left to right, are: The Rev. Clyde A. Schaff, executive secretary of the Board of Education of the Southern New Jersey Conference; the Rev. Robert H. Heulitt, former pastor and now pastor of First Church, Atlantic Highlands; the Rev. John R. Carty, present pastor; and C. Fred Bucherer, church superintendent and chairman of the building committee.



Pastors who have joined the Southern New Jersey Conference.

Southern New Jersey Welcomes Churches of Delaware Conference

Above are the ministers who became members of the Southern New Jersey Conference from the former Delaware Conference.

Seated in the front row, left to right, are: Frederick D. Arnold, Adolphus A. Berry, Clarence W. Bagwell, Charles W. Cannon, George E. Geddis, Cyrus W. Derrickson, and O'Connell Milbourne.

Middle row: Horace J. Fisher, William M. Tasco, John E. Bishop, Charles E. Kiah, and Charles I. Young.

Back row: Gilbert A. Sherman, Howard E. Anderson, Stephen G. Fullman, Charles P. Spencer, Hooker D. Davis, and Howard S. Franklin.



Chaplain from School for the Deaf performs ceremony.

Unusual Wedding Held at Shore

Wall Methodist Church, Spring Lake Heights, had a unique experience when Virginia Gray was married to Eddie West. Both the bride and groom are graduates of the School for the Deaf in Trenton.

The marriage was pronounced in hand signs and verbally by Pastor C. Roland Gerhold, a chaplain at Trenton School for

the Deaf. The Rev. Howard Lord, pastor of Wall Church, gave the prayer and benediction, pictured here, interpreted by Pastor Gerhold. The best man was George Reid, and the bridesmaid was Marge Gray, sister of the bride. Virginia's family are members of the Spring Lake Heights church.



Ministerial trio performs.

Roselle Churches Cooperate In Combined Variety Show

Three Roselle churches—Heard AME Church, St. Paul's Methodist, and Wesley Methodist—presented a variety show on May 14 using the theme *Getting to Know You*. The theme expressed the purpose of the program, which was to get the people of the three churches better acquainted through working together to plan and produce the show. The show was a great success, with the result that the Negro and white Methodists of Roselle have a greater appreciation of each other.

Shown in the picture, left to right, are the three pastors rehearsing one of the songs—Leon Gipson of Heard AME Church; Curt Garrett of St. Paul's Church; and Hugh McNelly of Wesley Methodist Church.

News From Drew

Two of the four seminary interns chosen by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church for assignment to Wesley Foundations during the 1965-66 academic year are from the Drew University Theological School.

John Goodell and Stephen H. Wurster, will receive a year of practical experience at Wesley Foundations before returning to Drew to complete their degrees. They will serve under the supervision of Wesley Foundation directors.

- James S. Sessions, chaplain of the College of Liberal Arts, represented the Northeast Region at the annual conference of the Methodist Student Movement. The conference this year consisted of a week of study at the Ecumenical Institute, Chicago. While in Illinois, Chaplain Sessions also attended the Danforth Foundation conference of campus ministry at Lake Forest College.

- Robert A. Tucker, corporation executive, has been elected to the board of trustees of Drew University.

Mr. Tucker is vice-president and director of both the Beneficial Management Corporation and the Beneficial Finance Company. He also is a member of the executive committee of the Beneficial Management Corporation.

In Morristown, he is a director of the First National Iron Bank and a trustee of Morristown Memorial Hospital.

- The faculty and trustees of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., conferred an honorary doctorate in sacred theology on Dean Charles W. Ranson of the Drew University Theological School during commencement.

- Dr. Carl Michalson delivered the baccalaureate sermon at Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss. The service was held at Galloway Memorial Methodist Church, May 30.

- Bernhard W. Anderson, Henry Anson Butt professor of biblical theology at Drew University, was among four distinguished leaders in education, industry, and government to receive honorary degrees at Colgate University's 144th commencement. Dr. Anderson was presented for the honorary doctor of divinity degree by M. Holmes Harshorne, professor of philosophy and religion at Colgate.

- Herbert Welch, Methodism's senior bishop, was honored at the theological school and graduate school annual alumni association dinner meeting, June 4, on the 75th anniversary of his graduation.

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman was the keynote speaker and conducted the ceremonies after the business meeting and election of officers.

- Dr. Stanley R. Hopper, dean of the graduate school, Drew University, delivered the baccalaureate address to the 1965 class at Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn., on June 6.



Lay speakers' class at Trinity Methodist Church, Merchantville.

Lay Speaker's Course Completed

Southern New Jersey Conference sponsored two classes this year for lay speakers. Above is one lay speakers' class held at Trinity Methodist Church, Merchantville:

From left to right, front row: Mary Kinter, Ruth Ann McKay, Claire Turk, Helen Butler, Robert T. Hall, instructor; Judith Ann Broome, May Jeanne Cherry,

Joyce L. Mountain, and Virginia Norcross.

Standing: Earle Castiglione, Richard W. Culbertson, William C. Lewis, Michael Alloway, Clarence Baker, Robert Danser, registrar; Michael D. Tozzi, Leroy L. Allen, James A. Macklin, R. Carter Borden, Charles E. Gamel, Harry E. Mountain, and Harold S. Norcross.



Bishop Lord, right, accepts engraved crosier.

Conference Merger Commemorated

To commemorate the merger of the Delaware Conference, formerly part of the Central Jurisdiction, with the Peninsula Conference of the Northeastern Jurisdiction, Bishop John Wesley Lord was presented with a bishop's crosier, engraved with the names and dates of all the Methodist conferences antecedent to the newly merged Peninsula Conference,

during the historic uniting session held at Grace Church, Wilmington, Del., on May 13.

Making the presentation to Bishop Lord, right, are: The Rev. James W. Elbert, chairman of the Delaware Conference cabinet, left; and the Rev. Alton S. Miller, chairman of the Peninsula Conference cabinet.

The page on which nature writes of beauty that survives
to flower anew is scanned in one long sweep of the eye, from summer forest
to high tundra and icy summit. These students saw it in their...

Outdoor Classroom in the Rockies



"Old man of the mountain," largest flower on the high tundra, has a woolly stem for protection against cold winds and snow.

Adrian students follow nature through three zones of vegetation, classifying flowers and observing wildlife at various altitudes while acclimating themselves to the thin air above timberline.

ONE WHO climbs to the thin air of a lofty mountain meadow finds his reward in a view of magnificent peaks, blue lakes, deep gorges, and sparkling snowcaps. On the way, he passes through a floral treasure-house attesting to the miracle, endurance, and adaptability of life. It ranges through various plant zones to the high tundra where—if he is fortunate and the time is right—he will be greeted by a luminous ocean of wild flowers that laugh and dance in the wind.

To the botanist, Rocky Mountain National Park in north central Colorado is one vast 259,000-acre laboratory. Dr. Miles L. Peele, professor of biology at Methodist-related Adrian College in Michigan, likes to bring his summer students there





Scaling Twin Sisters Mountain: No such view as this from the classroom in Michigan!

Indian paintbrush is a plant usually found below timberline.
It blooms in various hues and usually survives well into the autumn.



to identify and classify plant life, to climb peaks, observe wildlife, and read the geologic handwriting of volcano, earthquake, and glacier.

Dr. Peelle, whose name graces Adrian's new Hall of Science, has taught biology for 29 years. He is also a skilled amateur photographer whose camera work yielded the pictures on these pages.

Professor Peelle would be the first to say that his summer session—Course 208, Field Biology of the Rocky Mountains—is more than the college catalogue implies when it states as its purpose the "identification and understanding of plant and animal distribution in the field, with lectures and basic mapping of distribution of plant forms." He adds that "the course also is taught



Primula parryi, better known as Parry's primrose, blooms just below timberline to fringe ice-cold creeks with pale pink.



Pride of Colorado:
the columbine. It has a
spurlike flower of white and
blue petals, thrives at
8,000 to 9,000 feet,
and grows about
2 feet high.



The delicate
beauty of the alpine
flower is reflected in the
single-flowered pyrola. Rare,
related to the wintergreen
of the East, it stands
two inches high.

in an atmosphere of inspiration and beautiful sunsets" amid the "overall wonders of the outdoor world."

From their camp near the town of Estes Park, the Adrian students gradually "study their way up toward the mountain tops," meanwhile acclimating themselves to altitudes above 9,000 feet.

Reaching the high tundra is a pleasing climax to Course 208. Near 12,000 feet, the class may encounter brief snowstorms in July, violent electrical displays, and sometimes bitter cold. But spread across carpets of sedge are clumps of alpine flowers.

Largest and most common are the golden sunflower disks of *Rydbergia grandiflora*, or "old man of the mountain." Here, too, is found the



Pipsissewa grows in shaded fir zones around 9,000 feet.

dwarfed Arctic willow, no higher than a forefinger, the only shrub of consequence able to survive the rugged storms. More than 200 species of flowers bloom briefly here. Minute and delicate as many of them are, they endure the inhospitable climate beyond timberline.

At lower elevations, the students find the delicate, pale blue and white of the columbine, Colorado's state flower, Parry's primrose bordering mountain streams, and Indian paintbrush in the spruce fir zones. They observe deer, bear, beaver, and a variety of birds.

One student, typical of those who found the summer classroom unforgettable, is Elizabeth Foster of Hudson, Mich.

"I don't know what it was," she says. "Perhaps just being away from the crowd. But I did more thinking about my life and goals than ever before."

"Now, whenever life is depressing and discouraging, I look out my dorm window. What do I see? Not the campus—but white-capped mountains, green meadows, and the bluest sky I have ever known."

—H. B. TEETER

Final Exam: "Now, will you please identify these specimens from all three plant zones in the park?"





Fighting poverty is nothing new in bypassed Appalachia, home of a once proud and resourceful people. But the government's antipoverty program in this vast region brings into focus Methodism's own—

Blue Ridge Service Project

By JOHN L. BORCHERT

Director, Methodist Information, Charlotte (N.C.) Area

LEAN, BENT, and hollow eyed, she appeared years older than she was. A mountain woman who had spent most of her life in a hand-to-mouth existence, she sought aid for her 11 children and invalid husband, and had been referred to the Blue Ridge Methodist Service Program store for assistance.

Another visitor was a mother of six, whose husband had undergone five stomach operations. She, too, had been directed to the store in an abandoned building near a small mountain community in North Carolina. Living on welfare relief, two of her children had failed to finish school, and four younger children faced the same problem.

"My children didn't want to quit school," the woman said. "But I didn't have the money and clothing to send them. My children don't have fitted clothing. We all need shoes, and my husband needs medicine."

Both women found more at the store than the clothing and medicine they needed. There they discovered people concerned about their plight, and a church anxious to help. Like hundreds of others in need, they were helped through the Blue Ridge Service Program (mail address: 101 Pilson St., North Wilkesboro, N.C. 28659), which has been operated since early 1962

by the North Wilkesboro District of the Western North Carolina Methodist Conference. With clothes, shoes, medicine, food, and Christian compassion, the program—which pays its own way without financial support from district or conference—is bringing new hope to the poverty-stricken of an eight-county Appalachian area.

The U.S. government has authorized \$4 billion to be spent in the next four years in a 10-state region of Appalachia, encompassing 15 million people. But initial money to be spent in North Carolina will go for new mountain roads and waterway improvements, designed to attract industry and tourists.

While government and civic leaders debate the best way to aid the people of Appalachia, North Carolina Methodists have been engaged in the practical task of building a future for their state's children and salvaging the dignity of its adults bypassed in the nation's economic surge ahead.

As I was visiting one of the Blue Ridge Methodist stores, a tall mountain woman entered looking for shoes for her little girl. A son, about nine, was with her. He asked his mother if he, too, couldn't get a pair of shoes.

"You have shoes," he was told by his mother. "Sissy is the one who

needs a pair." (The mother hunted unsuccessfully for the child's size.)

I looked at the boy's shoes. How they remained on his feet, I did not know. They were held together by the barest of means, and would have been no protection at all in the winter.

The boy's gaze fell upon a blue jacket, heavy enough for cold-weather wear. Most boys his age would ignore clothing and want toys. Not this little fellow. Matured as he was by poverty, he wanted the jacket. His mother asked the price.

"Fifty cents," she was told.

The mountain mother shook her head. "We don't have that kind of money," she said.

But a visitor in the store gave the boy 50¢, and he bought the jacket. No child who had received the most glittering toy could have been happier.

Later, we accompanied another woman—the mother of 11 whose husband had abandoned her three years before—to buy shoes with money from the Blue Ridge program's fund. We then went home with her, and once again saw children thrill to the necessities of life that most of us take for granted. But there was a sad note. The younger children, those not of school age, were brokenhearted—



Is it believable that a little girl, walking winter's ice-crusted roads, would rather get a pair of shoes than a doll? These little girls could have both—thanks to the Methodist program, giving hope to mountain children, dignity to adults.

they had not received shoes; they were still barefooted.

Not all the people of Appalachia are poor, of course. But these cases are poignant examples of those who are—families who have come to regard poverty as a way of life.

The Blue Ridge Service Program serves 1,200 such families who visit the clothing stores weekly, or monthly. About 2,500 pairs of shoes are distributed each year to needy children. Families of area men in prison also are being helped.

Bishop Earl G. Hunt, Jr., of the Charlotte Area is studying the project, along with the Western North Carolina Conference Board of Missions, looking toward possible conference sponsorship as early as next year. Bishop Paul N. Garber of the Raleigh Area is backing the project, and the North Carolina Conference he oversees has contributed both clothing and money.

Used clothing, received from many parts of the nation, constitutes the basic ingredient for the project. This clothing is distributed through four service stores. Individuals and families visit the stores to select what clothing they need, within prescribed limits. Families who can pay usually buy the clothing at below rummage-sale prices. Those who cannot pay receive it free of charge.

A limit of \$5 worth of clothing per family is observed—with an

additional allowance of \$1 per child—whether the clothing is being purchased or given away. This enables the program to have clothing for all. On the average about 16 pieces of clothing are given away or sold for every dollar of income recorded. Fourteen trucking firms co-operate by collecting and hauling clothing without charge.

In two recent appeals, North Carolina Methodists gave more than \$20,000—enough to buy nearly 5,000 pairs of shoes.

The program grew out of the concern of the Rev. Arthur Pearce of Brooks Crossroads, who first aided needy mountain families within a 16-congregation charge he served during the late 1950s. He received a sympathetic hearing from Dr. Herman F. Duncan, superintendent of the North Wilkesboro District; and the Blue Ridge program, with Mr. Pearce as director, began in 1962.

Because many families in desperate need have no way to come to the stores, Mr. Pearce hopes to find the money necessary to buy a bus. He told of many families who are returning to church because of newfound dignity.

"We don't try to make Methodists out of them," he said, "but some have started turning up in our churches."

"This is my idea of Christianity in action," says Dwight V. Nichols,

editor of the North Wilkesboro *Journal-Patriot*.

Mr. Pearce emphasizes that the program has no other goal than to aid the needy of this area.

"We don't hold a Bible in one hand and clothing in the other and tell the people they can't have the clothing unless they become Christian," he said. "Once they discover the church is interested in them as persons, not as statistics, they gain a new interest in religion."

The paradox is that amid lush valleys and breathtaking views, the once proud mountaineer has seen automation and lack of education diminish his chances of competing for good jobs on the labor market. Once free and independent, now he is adrift, pride smashed, welfare the only answer. But with shoes and clothing, his children may return to school, find new self-respect, and a fresh appreciation of the Christian church.

Schoolteachers and welfare-department workers, who are in closest contact with needy families, are impressed by the program's effectiveness.

"Law—I've bought many of them a pair of shoes and other clothing," says Mrs. Jewell Miller, a teacher in Riverview School, Ashe County. "But this is the first time many of them have had anything decent to wear . . ."

"We have people here without food or clothing," says Mrs. Ruth Price, another teacher at the school. "They're good people, but they are illiterate and can't find work. The program has done wonders. I don't know how we would have gotten along without it."

Charles McNeill, director of the Wilkes County welfare department, pointed out that people with limited incomes can buy food from the 1,700 monthly welfare checks his office sends out, provided their clothing needs are cared for. Many teachers have stressed the fact that lack of suitable clothing often keeps children away from school.

But Mr. Pearce notes that lack of spending money still humiliates the children of this distressed area.

When an indigent child sees classmates buying snacks, he has no money to join the crowd. Almost

weekly, there are classroom collections for causes. He cannot contribute. He is financially unable to attend social functions and sports events. He begins to stay away from his classes, fails his grades, and eventually becomes a school dropout.

While the Blue Ridge Service Program cannot answer this need in a direct way, it does offer decent clothing, emergency assistance, and the opportunity to create a better life through education. A new aspect of the program is with the families of prisoners. The prisoners themselves help by mailing home size charts for their children.

Distribution of shoes to the children of prisoners is supervised by the North Carolina director of rehabilitation of prisoners. Both the children and prisoners benefit.

An 18-year-old girl who married her 26-year-old husband in Florida, discovered he was an escapee from a North Carolina prison camp. When the husband was recaptured and returned to prison, the wife and their newborn child could not qualify for welfare aid. The Blue Ridge Service Program came to their aid with medicine, clothing, food, and money.

In North Carolina mountain counties, the yearly median family income in the cities is \$4,961; among rural nonfarm families, it is \$3,797; and in rural farm areas, it is \$2,624. Those on welfare receive even less. By contrast, the median yearly farm income in the United States is \$6,324.

Mr. Pearce believes the conquest of poverty is as much a new frontier for the church as it is for the government, and Dr. Duncan, his district superintendent, agrees.

"These people are proud and religious and appreciative," Dr. Duncan says. "They have come upon hard times because of economic and social movements over which they have no control. We, as Methodists, are trying to demonstrate intelligent compassion in helping them. This is practical Christianity."

"That's right," adds Mr. Pearce. "We Methodists believe that we can honor Christ if we share with others some of the blessings which God has given to us." □



North Carolina's POVERTY VOLUNTEERS

WHEN 19 soft-handed greenhorns arrived in the run-down fishing village and announced that they were going to build a house for a poverty-stricken family, the 200 residents were more amused than convinced.

But somehow the college students' determination and enthusiasm survived their mistakes and bruises—and even drew the villagers into the project.

"I know I can never repay you for your kindness," the woman of the house later wrote to the North Carolina Volunteers. "But my prayer will be that God will bless you and keep you in his care."

The 19 were among 94 volunteers who worked last summer in an antipoverty program that has become a pilot project. This summer 250 North Carolina students are continuing the work—bringing hope into selected areas where there has been little but despair.

The North Carolina Volunteers' program is one of many facets of the North Carolina Fund, a private, nonprofit corporation spearheaded by former Gov. Terry Sanford, an active Methodist layman who is chairman of its board of directors.

All the varied fund-sponsored activities have at least one thing in common: they are planned as pump-primers to get communities working on their own problems. The fund's life will be short, for it will have exhausted its \$9.5 million in private grants (including \$7 million from the Ford Foundation) by 1968, along with an estimated \$4.5 million from partici-

pating communities and state agencies.

Local areas are then expected to keep the ball rolling. In fact, before the participating counties were allotted any money or personnel, they had to submit plans for carrying the programs forward when the fund's bootstrap aid ends.

The North Carolina Volunteers, brainchildren of Gov. Sanford and headed by another Methodist, the Rev. Jack P. Mansfield, are carefully selected from many more applicants than there are jobs for. The teams, interracial and coeducational, are made up of North Carolinians and others attending college in the state.

Some drive bookmobiles over back roads, reaching people who have not been able to get out to city libraries—like the grateful mother who said she had not read a book in five years.

In city slums, preschool children learn to play games, count, and spell their names. Older children are taken, some for the first time, to airports, parks, museums, and concerts. In the evenings, adults get reading instruction.

In Charlotte, a 20-year-old volunteer, teaching homemaking skills to preteens, summed up her reason for being there. As her students sewed simple dresses and learned to prepare palatable meals from the government surplus rations that keep their families from starvation, she told a reporter:

"If they use these skills at home it could be a start—a little ray of light." —CAROL M. DOIG

UNUSUAL Methodists



Coach Jack Griffin and his Methodist track stars (left to right): Tammy Davis, Phyllis Swann, Wanda Bowman, Edith Hubbard, Lynn Morris, Joyce Davis, Bonnie Bowman, and Debbie Thompson.

IT WAS nearly six years ago, but Coach Jaek Griffin remembers the day vividly. A new batch of seventh-graders had entered West Frederick, Md., Junior High School, and the teachers were busy finding out what they could do.

"A gym teacher reported to me that she had a girl run a 6.7-second 50-yard dash," he recalls. "Then, the following period, a second one reported another 12-year-old running 6.7 seconds. Like most men, I figured they'd read the watch backwards—but they hadn't!"

Debbie Thompson and Tammy Davis, both Methodists, have been running faster and faster ever since. Under Jaek Griffin's tutelage they've become stars of the outstanding Frederick Track and Field Club.

Tammy has set three U.S. records in the hurdles and world indoor records for the 50, 60, and 70-yard hurdles in 6.4, 7.5, and 9.1 seconds. She toured Germany last March. Debbie surpassed Wilma Rudolph's record in the indoor 60-yard dash to set a new world's record, won a national AAU championship in the 50-yard dash, and earned a place on the U.S. Olympic team with 23.6 for 200 meters—the fastest ever run by a 17-year-old. Recently, competing in Australia, she equaled the U.S. record for the 100-yard dash.

Last April, competing in Mexico City, Tammy and

Debbie helped the club establish five new Mexican National records.

The people of Frederick have responded with hometown pride—and \$12,000 in donations that have kept the team on the move and in the big events.

"Our sights are now set for the Pan American games of 1967 and the Olympics in Mexico in 1968," says Mr. Griffin, who served as an assistant coach at the Tokyo Olympics. Among the Frederick club's 20 members, who range in age from 10 to 20, are these promising younger Methodists:

Joyce Davis, Tammy's sister, who last year set a new American record for 11-year-olds with a 6.1-second 50-yard dash. "Her future looks as good as Tammy's," says Coach Griffin.

Phyllis Swann, an honor student at Frederick High School, who in 1963 ran the fastest 50-yard dash in the nation for 13-year-olds.

High jumper Edith Hubbard, who made the qualifying round last year at the Olympic trials.

Promising newer members such as sprinters Wanda and Bonnie Bowman, and high jumper Lynn Morris.

It's likely that, under Mr. Griffin's continued care, their names will appear with increasing frequency on the nation's sports pages. □

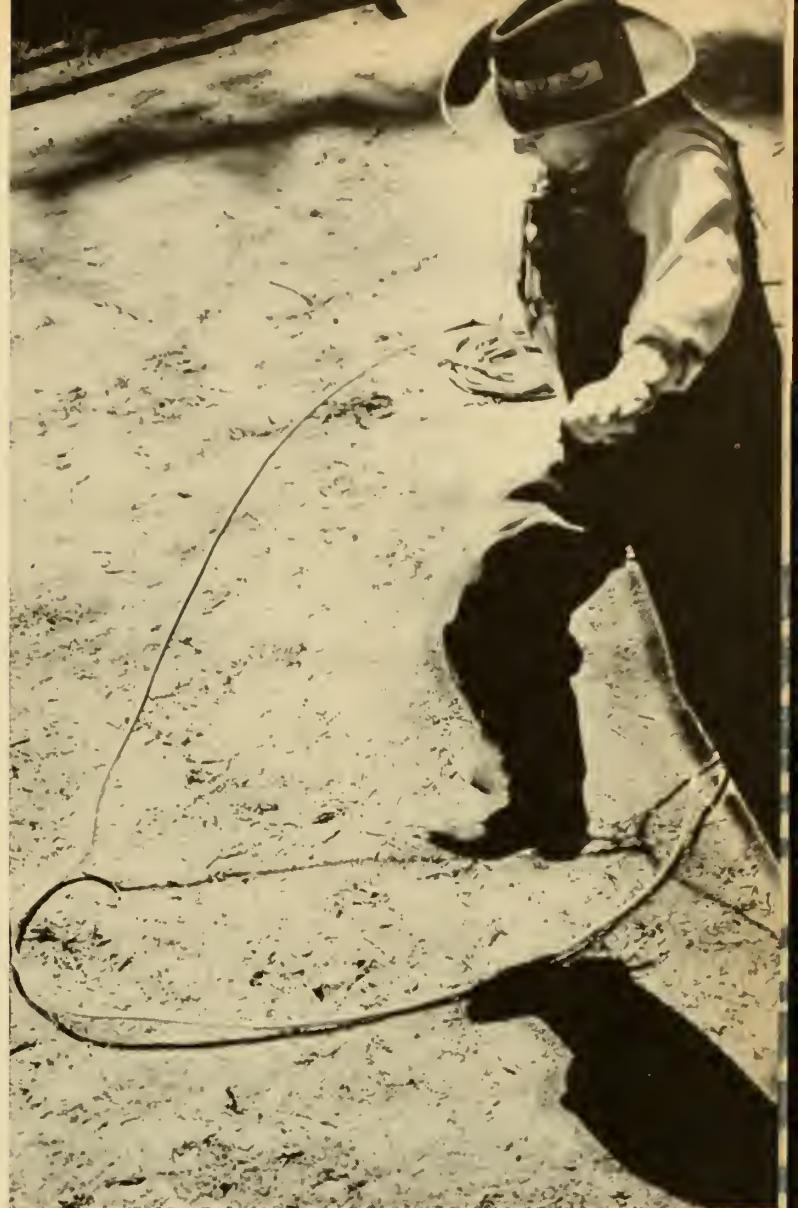
POWDER River Joe Fleming, a 73-year-old retired Boy Scout executive, who lives in a redwood cabin along California's Tunitas Creek, works hard at keeping alive the image of the American cowboy.

His interest dates to his boyhood on his family's ranch near Denver. "Ma and Pa put me on a horse as soon as I was big enough to straddle the saddle and hold on," he says with a chuckle. "Where kids today ride around in fancy automobiles, I rode a cow pony, helping to mend 50 miles of fence and brand some 2,000 head of rangy whiteface beef cattle."

In 1920 he married. "Mrs. Fleming and I watched the West grow up," Joe says. "During our years in Wyoming, we saw the land develop, the old-fashioned cowboy begin to disappear, and the Indian put away on his reservation. It was in Wyoming that I got my name of Powder River. We used to camp out a lot on the Powder and so local folks just naturally gave me the nickname. It's stuck ever since."

Now Joe spends nearly full time roaming up and down the San Francisco peninsula, lecturing to youth groups. One night you might find him—decked out in authentic western chaps, vest, boots, spurs, and black felt hat—extolling for the benefit of church young people the "Psychology of a Burro." Next, he might be explaining the proper way to rope a calf—using a Cub Scout as a target. Whatever it is, the kids love it—and so does Powder Joe! □

Will Rogers twirled three lariats while he talked. Powder River Joe (right) borrowed the idea but says, "I'm doing good to spin just one."



WHEN Appalachian High School's wrestling team finished another season undefeated last spring, it followed long tradition. By itself, the news might not have created much stir. But this team's performance brought the victory string to an amazing 140—and a new national record to the little high school in Boone, N.C.

Its coach, Steve Gabriel, introduced wrestling to Appalachian High in 1952. Since 1956-57, his teams have held the state championship for seven of the eight years (they lost by a single point in 1961-62). In 1959-60 the school had individual state champions in seven of the 12 weight classes.

Says Mr. Gabriel's pastor, the Rev. Richard J. Crowder of Boone Methodist Church, "Besides his impressive career, Steve is also an outstanding leader in our church, serving as youth superintendent of our church school, an officer in the Methodist Men, and a member of the official board." □

Steve Gabriel of Boone, N.C., is the nation's most successful high-school wrestling coach. His teams have scored 140 consecutive victories.



IS GOD UNFAIR?

By DENSON N. FRANKLIN, JR.
*Pastor, First Methodist Church
Cedar Bluff, Alabama*

For he makes his sun rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust.

—Matthew 5:45

There will be more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons who need no repentance.

—Luke 15:7

IN THE story of the Prodigal Son told by Jesus, the elder brother said to his father, in effect, "Here comes that reprobate brother of mine. He has wasted a fortune on harlots, besmirched the family name, and now you give him a party! I've given up quite a lot to be good and loyal. You never have seen me with any person of shady reputation, and yet you have hardly noticed."

A man once told me in all honesty, "I feel rather sorry for the elder brother. I think he was right."

Several statements in the New Testament, spoken by our Lord as describing the dealings of God with men, imply that righteousness does not insure prosperity. Disease seeks out and attacks the best people along with the most degraded. This is borne out in our experience.

Is it fair that those who try to do right should fare no better than the bootlegger or the hoodlum?

A Parable

Then we read another parable in the Gospel according to Matthew on the same theme and more pointed: a vineyard owner goes to the marketplace where the unemployed gather to be hired as laborers. The work-day is from about 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., or daylight to dark, and some men are hired for this 12-hour period. They bargain for the usual wage, one denarius or approximately 20¢ in silver. (These men obviously need a union, at those wages.)

At the third hour, about 9 a.m., the owner hires others and does the same at the sixth and ninth hours, promising to pay them all "what is right." Finally he goes back to the market about one hour before the day ends and hires still others.

At the end of the day, according to Jewish law, the owner pays the laborers, beginning with those hired last. Strangely enough, he pays them all the same. Those hired first get what they bargained for. Those hired during the day, even in the last hour, get the same amount.

Naturally those hired first complain, "We labored all day in the hot sun and received no more than those who worked only one hour." Now, I ask you, is that fair? And yet Jesus goes on to say the kingdom of heaven is like that.

We could say that the lord of the vineyard had compassion on those hired last. They, too, had mouths to feed which could not be fed on one hour's wages. And they did wait all day to be hired.

Admitted. But could he not have been generous without paying them all the same wage? Is it not

reasonable that those who work harder should be more amply rewarded?

We could say that the vineyard owner was a peculiar eccentric and that, after all, it was his money. Still, this does not seem fair.

The Same Reward for All

If we move out of the vineyard and into God's dealing with men, is it fair even then? Is this not what Jesus is talking about: a man who comes to God on the deathbed and, as the thief on the cross, gets the same reward as one who serves God all his days?

No discrimination according to seniority or contribution here or hereafter! No special treatment for those who have labored long and hard! Is that fair?

The medieval Roman Church said, "No, that is not fair." Then the doctrine of purgatory was formulated, a cleansing middle place between heaven and hell where men can work off their sins. Those last-minute Christians who have spent most of their time in sinning have a longer wait, according to that belief.

The Pharisees said to Jesus, "No, this is not fair. Here we are obeying the law every day. We are giving up a lot in order to be good. But you put us on equal status before God with harlots, treasonable tax collectors, and sinners of all kinds."

It does seem like a reasonable objection. Why should those sinners, men who had sold out their nation and women who had sold themselves, go into the kingdom of God?

It does not seem that this could ever be fair. Yet Jesus said the kingdom of God is like this. What does it all mean? What does this parable teach?

Mercy, Not Merit

Simply this: We enter the kingdom of heaven by mercy, not by merit.

Pharisees of all ages miss the point. We fall under the same condemnation. The Pharisees with all of their 5,000 laws, kept with utter determination, could not approach the righteousness of God. The dangerous trap and the obvious fallacy of the workmen hired in the early hours—and the besetting sin of church people today—is that we measure ourselves by those about us. God measures us by his standard of righteousness. You might well look down on a publican with some pride, but when you look honestly into the face of God you must cry, Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner.

Jesus set our standard when he said, "You . . . must be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." More is required than we can accomplish. That is why article 11 of our Methodist Articles of Religion says the notion that a person can overcome sin or store up merit by doing more than is required is arrogant and impious. Jesus said: "When you have done all that is commanded of you, say, 'We are unworthy servants, we have only done what was our duty.'"

The sad truth is, we do not even do as well as we know, much less what is required. We have absolutely no room for confidence in our own righteousness. In terms of the parable, even the justice of the agreed wage is more than we deserve.

Do you attend church to get stars in your crown? Are you working on a committee in hope of a few "salvation points," like trading stamps to be redeemed on the day of your death? Do you give your money to make your mansion in heaven more impressive?

No! You come and serve and labor because you love God and because you love to share his ministry in Christ. You serve to have fellowship in his household. Life's labor in God's vineyard is pay enough.

Not merit but mercy is our hope. Can you look upon the cross and say without blasphemy, "I was worth that?" Never! But this is the trumpet call of our faith. God looked upon you and me in and through Jesus Christ and said, "You are worth it. You are worth the cross." Isaac Watts put it this way:

*When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.*

Is God unfair? Yes! He is more than just, he is merciful. He is not only righteous, he is gracious. Were he only fair, then I would be forever lost. Were he only righteous, then I forever would be under sentence of condemnation.

Is God unfair? He is good, slow to anger, abounding in mercy. He does not deal with us according to our sins, nor punish us according to our iniquities. We receive not payment but grace, mercy, love, and Christ!

One Man's Response

I knew a man who understood this truth well. He was a man of deep personal faith, zealous in good works, and a steward of God of all his possessions. He knew the burdens of life—sickness, hard labor, worry. He had little of the world's goods, little formal education, few luxuries. But he had a great soul, and the humility of life that comes from the awareness of God's mercy.

One hard winter, during a time of economic recession, he was particularly hard pressed financially. He depended on outdoor work for much of his income, and the weather did not permit it. Things in the church were so pressing that there were not enough funds to pay the pastor's salary that month. Then this steward sold his cattle herd for \$3,000. The next Sunday a check for \$300 was in the offering plate. It was like a gift from heaven. It met the obligations of that small church for more than a month.

This man's tithe was not an act of duty but an expression of warmest love, a true response to the gift of God's love in his life. Only a year or two ago when I received word of this man's death, the tears watered my eyes as I could in my imagination hear our Lord say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." And I heard this Christian man reply, "It is enough to enter into the joy of my Lord."

We do not want God to be fair. We do not want God to be just. We want God to love us, to be merciful, forgiving, empowering. We kneel and cry deep in our souls the prayer which for centuries has given confidence and hope:

Lord, have mercy upon us. Christ, have mercy upon us. Lord, have mercy upon us. Amen. □

The Last Escape of Forrest Turner

By Bill Dye and John E. Myers

Eleven times he broke away from prison, and each time was resentenced. In four years, he became known as 'Georgia's No. 1 Bad Boy.'



FORREST Turner was in a care-free mood that sunny day in July, 1934, as he ambled along a street in Atlanta, Ga. A gangly 19-year-old who worked long hours as a soda jerk in a candy store, he had a ready smile and friendly word for everyone. Few knew that he was the sole provider for a large and nearly destitute family.

Hands thrust deep into his pockets, Turner stood at a corner waiting to cross the street with the green light.

Although the details are lost in obscurity, the story is that a friend pulled up to the curb and offered him a ride. Turner accepted, and within moments police had forced the car to the curb.

Two policemen jumped from their patrol car, guns drawn, and ordered the two youths to get out of the car.

Questioned, the driver readily admitted the car had been stolen and insisted that Turner had been with him at the time.

A stern judge pronounced sentence: "Four years in the state penitentiary."

Shocked and pale, Turner bolted

down the courtroom aisle, knocking the court bailiff aside. He charged down several flights of stairs, ran from the building, and plunged into a coal bin where surprised workmen attacked him with heavy shovels.

Beaten severely, dazed, Turner managed to stagger a block farther, only to run blindly into the arms of a policeman.

Back in court, an irate judge changed his sentence from simple imprisonment to Georgia's dreaded chain gang.

Sitting in a cell waiting for transfer in the "long chain" wagon, Forrest Turner was filled with hate and bitterness. From that moment he would become the scourge of Georgia law-enforcement officers and prison officials.

No sooner had he arrived on the chain gang than he had an escape plot going. With old razor blades, he spent several weeks carving a wooden pistol out of a wooden brace taken from beneath his bunk. Using black shoe polish to color the "gun," Turner surprised and overpowered a guard at the main gate and escaped. He was soon reappre-

tured and sentenced to an additional five years on the chain gang.

To a 19-year-old, nine years is an interminable stretch of time. Turner's bitterness and desperation increased when he saw men who had been convicted of more serious crimes pardoned because of money or influence. His escape attempts became more cunning and more frequent.

Eight times he broke away from prison, but each time he was apprehended, given additional time, and returned to prison. Within four years, Forrest Turner became known as one of the nation's top escape artists, and had earned the title of "Georgia's No. 1 Bad Boy."

By now, Georgia officials were aware that their prisons were no match for desperate men of Turner's ilk. The Georgia legislature, goaded into action, approved the building of a new, million-dollar state penitentiary.

Prison officials were elated. "Talladega prison will hold Turner and his kind," they promised. "It is escape proof."

For five years that proved true, as far as Turner was concerned. In

1943, he was still there, spending his days walking the yard by himself, or working on his prison job. He remained strictly to himself, talked to no one—and then made his 11th bid for freedom.

Working silently, cautiously, Turner spent more than a year cutting through his barred window with piano wire. During the day, he filled the cuts with putty, and stored his precious escape tools behind a loose brick in the cell wall. At night, he would remove the putty, fill the sawed portion with valve-grinding compound, slip the piano wire around the bar, and continue his tedious, silent work.

One moonless night in 1943, when the fog rolled over marshy prison grounds, he removed the cut bar and freed two other prisoners. The trio crept silently to the prison switchboard and bound the male telephone operator. Then they systematically called for guards to be sent to isolated parts of the prison, where each in turn was ambushed and tied.

Again, Forrest Turner was free—this time with 43 other convicts!

But freedom was not meant for him. Five months later he was recaptured. Now his combined prison sentences totaled 128 years.

As additional punishment, he was assigned to the infamous "8-ball squad." This group, required to work within range of the prison gun towers, wore heavy irons and shackles. They sweated out the long hot days, from sunup to sundown, moving a large hill of earth from one place to another.

If Turner had become hardened and bitter before, he was more so now. He was a brutalized, hardened criminal—yet a lonely, tired, and profoundly depressed man. No longer, it seemed, was there the faintest hope of escape.

But fate was not through with Forrest Turner. This time it took a favorable turn.

Aroused citizens were demanding prison reform in Georgia. A new corrections department director abolished the "8-ball squad" and promised every prisoner a second chance.

Turner, an intelligent and capable man, went to work in the prison dental laboratory. This seemed



After years in prison, Forrest Turner walks the streets of Atlanta, a free man devoting his life to helping others. "If you want to see a really desperate man, just take hope away from him," says the man once considered incorrigible.

PRAJ Joyful Noise

WE WERE new in the community; it was our first Sunday in church; and already we had disgraced ourselves by being late.

In the rush I had ripped my sleeve. My son's shoes were unshined, and daughter's hair lacked its usual knife-straight part.

We can sneak out quickly after the service, I promised myself, and next week we will be presentable. My trouble was dread of the new.

Suddenly, the hymn we faced was one of uplifting words, but completely unfamiliar melody. Around us, members of the congregation tried and finally mumbled into silence. But not my husband. He boomed out a bass part of his own invention. Glances shot our way and I elbowed him.

Then our daughter struck into the melody in a clear, thin voice, and our son ringingly joined her. All eyes were on us, and I squeezed mine shut.

But they flew open as I heard a small lady across the aisle quaveringly pick up the words, and the gentleman behind us add a heartfelt monotone. By the third verse, most of the other worshipers had made the plunge.

After the service it was impossible for us to slip out unnoticed. The warmth of the welcome made us all old friends.

"It's a good thing you knew that hymn," I told my husband later.

"Never saw it before in my life," he said, "but don't you remember Psalm 96?"

I certainly should. It has sustained me many times in new ventures. I'll not forget it again when courage is required to face a new community, a new church, or a new hymn.

*O sing to the Lord a new song;
Sing to the Lord, all the earth!*

—JOAN KNAUB

to give him a new lease on life. He was doing something useful, and he seemed to enjoy helping others.

His aged mother, who visited him regularly, told him:

"I pray every day for your release, Son, but most of all I pray that one day you will accept Jesus Christ as your Savior. He is the only one who can erase the bitterness in your heart, and give me back the fine son I once had."

Touched by his mother's words and impressed by her unwavering faith, Forrest promised to attend church the next Sunday. This was not in keeping with the image Forrest Turner had built with the other convicts and prison officials, but he kept his word. He attended church, and he prayed for God's forgiveness.

Back in his cell that Sunday, he did not stop praying. Unashamed, he dropped on his knees before his astonished cell mates.

One of them taunted him: "If you believe in God, why doesn't he get you out of this hole?"

Two other prisoners took up the barbs of ridicule, but Turner remained strong in his faith.

Finally, rising, he looked with pity at the three tormentors.

"I don't pray for release, I pray for my mother, my family, and everyone in need. I even pray for you. God will give me my freedom . . . Someday, the things that should be, will be, through the power of God."

Several months later, Forrest applied for release and was granted his petition. He was not released because of his religious conversion, however. He was paroled because of circumstances surrounding his first conviction.

Consideration was given to the quick "justice" given young offenders in the mid-30s, and to the fact that Forrest—despite his many escapes—had committed no violent, calculated criminal act for profit. It was felt that he would have committed no other crimes had he been given probation instead of imprisonment in 1934.

Today, 16 years later, Forrest Turner is a respected citizen of Atlanta, Ga. The community has welcomed him back, and he has used his freedom well. From penal

servitude, he has turned to the service of men in prison.

None knows better than he the heartache, fear, desperation, and loneliness of the man behind bars.

"Prison did not rehabilitate me," he says. "It was God, a good and noble wife, the teachings of my mother and father, and the wonderful way that people have accepted me."

Many convicts, he adds, "come out of prison with a chip on their shoulders, feeling that the world is against them, that they are outcasts of society.

"If these men would be made to understand that plenty of good people are willing to help them by furnishing them employment and a place to live, few would go back."

In his frequent appearances before civic clubs and religious groups throughout Georgia, Forrest Turner declares: "If you want to see a really desperate man, just take hope away from him."

Turner has worked as an advertising salesman and dental technician, and he is the father of two daughters. Meanwhile, he has taken an active interest in approximately 50 parolees in recent years. Only two of them have failed to make good on the outside.

"The most expensive adventure we ever undertake is when we fail to put God first in our lives," he warns.

He credits the Rev. Bill Allison, a chaplain for prison inmates, with helping him toward rehabilitation. Mr. Allison says:

"Forrest, a man considered by many as incorrigible, is the finest example of complete rehabilitation this state has ever known. During his 16 years of freedom, he has proved himself to Georgia."

When he spoke at the State Prison of Southern Michigan several years ago, Turner told his audience how his rehabilitation had come about through Jesus Christ. One of the authors of this article was tremendously impressed by the change he saw. For one of us was—and is today—a prisoner at that institution. He is also one of the three former cell mates who taunted and ridiculed Forrest Turner about his new-found faith in a Georgia prison many years ago. □

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

AFFECTION takes many forms during the teen years. Teen-age crushes are one of the hardest kinds of affection to understand. Have you ever had a crush? If not, just wait a while. Eventually you will suffer through one, just as other boys and girls do.

What is a crush? It is a very intense feeling. It seems like real love. The one difference is that a crush does not last long, while real love is permanent. In a week or two, or a month or more, a person recovers from a crush. Suddenly your adored he becomes unattractive. Overnight you recover your emotional equilibrium and become yourself again.

Girls have crushes earlier than boys. The reason is that they grow up faster. They seek boyfriends several years before boys want girl friends. This means frustration for millions of young ladies aged 12, 13, or 14. Are you a girl in this stage of life? Then talk with your mother. She had crushes, too. She can help you understand what is happening.

Self-discipline is the best cure for crush. Do not do anything you might regret. Be careful about letters and phone calls. Try to remember that our judgment is immature. Force ourselves to keep up with your studies. Work hard enough to be physically tired each evening. Do your best to avoid daydreaming. Above all, give yourself time to recover. Be patient with your impatience. Try to tolerate our discontent and anxiety. The ideal really does not last long.

Q2

Why do girls ignore me? I'm a boy of 18. When I was in junior high, the girls used to phone me. Now they never do. In the old days, several girls would ask me to take them to dances. Now I have to do the inviting. I haven't changed very much. I'm over six feet tall. I don't have pimples. I play football. I own a car. Why should I be poison to girls?—B.U. I'm sure you are not poison to girls. You have just entered another stage of life. Only a few junior-high boys care

about girls. Nearly all junior-high girls are interested in boys. The result is that there never are enough males to go around. So junior-high girls often pursue boys. Now things are different. Most boys of 18 are very much interested in girls. There are more than enough males to go around. So boys of your age must take the initiative. Pick girls for dates carefully. Invite them well ahead of time. Be attentive to them. Let them do most of the talking. Be careful about little niceties such as opening doors and standing when they enter the room. Do not act conceited. They will respond.

Q2

I'm a girl, 14. My problem is my father. He is a quiet man, but he looks mad; he never talks to me except to scold me. My mother says that when I was little he loved me. I remember that I loved him too. I think now he hates me as much as I hate him. My mother always agrees with everything he says. When I stand up for my rights, he really yells. After that the only way to restore peace is

for me to apologize to him, even though I honestly feel there is nothing to apologize about. Why is he this way?—B.W. Try to realize that you are in the period of life when you feel most critical of your parents. At 14, you are working your way toward freedom. You no longer depend so much upon your father. You no longer love him automatically. Your father senses the change in you. He is human, so that he resents it. I'm sorry that he yells. That only makes matter worse. However, most fathers yell now and then—they have to blow off steam. Most fathers who scold their teenagers a lot were themselves raised by fathers who yelled at them and treated them rudely. Most of them honestly do not realize that there are other, better ways to treat their teenagers. Give your dad the benefit of the doubt. Probably he loves you and is trying to protect you. Would it be possible for you to arrange to have him talk with your minister about your relationships? Or with your high-school counselor? Your father might be willing to accept suggestions from them that he will not take from you. You cannot change him, but there are things you can do that will help. He will begin to accept you and admire you again if you can show him that you are a responsible girl.

Q2

I'm 13 and love a boy of 14. I've told him how I feel, but he ignores me. I do all sorts of things to prove my love. I fold the papers for him to take on his route. I ride behind him on my bike. If one of the papers misses the customer's porch, I pick it up and put it where it belongs. Last week I spent my allowance to buy him candy. He ate it but didn't even thank me. My older sisters laugh at me. Is it wrong to care for a boy? How can I make him care for me?—R.J. It is normal for a girl of your age to care deeply for a boy. However, very few boys of 13 or 14 are willing to have a girl friend. Therefore most girls like you suffer. One good thing about your affection for him is that it will not last

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz.
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"Why aren't you in Sunday school?"



Bishop Nall Answers
Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

What is the 'offence' of the cross? This word, which stands for the shame and suffering of the cross, is sometimes translated "stumbling-block" (as in Galatians 5:11). If you want to change one letter and make it "offense," you alter the whole meaning. Samuel Rutherford once spoke of the cross in these words: "If you take that crabbed tree, and carry it lovingly, it will become to you like wings to a bird and sails to a ship."

How do I make my opinions felt in Methodist councils? By expressing them in season and out.

The Christian is, by nature, a nonconformist, a dissenter, a persistent thrower of "the stubborn ounces of his weight." Remembering Phillips' translation of Romans 12:2, he resists when the world tries to squeeze him into its mold.

There is room in The Methodist Church for members in varied shades of opinion on political, social, moral, even religious issues. On many matters we differ in love, but we differ. And there is hypocrisy in pretending that we all think precisely alike on any subject. We try and we test, and then believe what our own experience of God reveals to us.

So, we ought to discuss and debate on all questions at all levels; and when we cannot come to a common mind, we ought to admit it. But it is only when we are "together" (remember Acts 1:6) that the Holy Spirit comes with power.

Is stewardship scriptural? Almost every book of the Bible mentions stewardship, and bears down heavily on it. We are continually warned that we merely possess or occupy—really do not own—anything in the world. It all belongs to God who created it. We use some of it for awhile, but we must give it all back. "You can't take it with you," you know.

Stewardship is one of the great ideas of our faith, but we ought always remember that stewardship is only a method. The Gospel is something else, for the Good News says that we are more than stewards, more than friends of God; we are his sons, made in his image. And all the good things of life are an inheritance from him.

"Have you ever thought of Jesus as the questioner?" Bishop Nall, a long-time editor, asks. "I have been amazed how much he taught by asking questions." Episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area, Bishop Nall has conducted Your Faith and Your Church columns since 1958.

long. Almost certainly you will lose your love for him quite soon. There is no way for you to make him love you. So just wait. Eventually things will clear up for you.

QA

I'm a girl of 13. We live close to the ocean. I used to spend my summer days at the beach. However, this year there is a crowd of older kids around. Daddy calls them "beach bums." The girls wear bikinis. The boys steal beer and give it to anyone who wants it. They are pretty wild. My parents saw me one afternoon with them. Now they make me stay home. I get to go to the beach only when my mother or father is along. This is not fair! Can't my parents trust me?—P.T. I am sure they feel they can trust you. However, they know that teen-agers sometimes are carried away by their feelings, and do things which they later regret. This is most apt to happen to a younger person who is associating with an older group. You should follow your parents' instructions. Try to do it without arguing.

QA

We are two girls in a small high school and live in a little town. One month ago a new girl moved here. Until she arrived, we were popular; now the boys chase her and ignore us. She lets them do anything they want. You should see the bathing suit she wears! We want to stay decent, but we would like to get our boyfriends back. What do you suggest?—A. and G. A new girl in a small town can upset things, I know. However, if she does things which are indecent, you need not worry. Girls like her do not keep their popularity very long. Eventually the boys will drop her. Would it be possible for you to make friends with her, and try to help her? Invite her to MYF and other good groups. She might learn how to behave herself. It is certainly worth trying.

Dr. Barbour will give you advice based on his many years of close association with teens. Write him in confidence through TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill., 60068. He has helped many.—EDS.





"Be good and have lots of fun!" After arriving at Oklahoma's Methodist Canyon Camp, Mike's mother has a few parting instructions for her 10-year-old son and his cousin, Robert (left), who came along to share Mike's four adventurous days away from home.

Mike's Weekend at Camp

IN THE CANYON, the red sandstone shatters silently, and there are no echoes. In the forest, you do not hear the twigs snap underfoot. The quietness at the bottom of the camp pool is the same as that above. To you, all the world—its people and things—is like watching television with the sound off.

YOUNG Mike Anders knew just what to expect when he arrived at the camp one day last July, for he had been there twice before. Here, 65 miles west of his home in Oklahoma City, the treeless plains dip suddenly between towering walls of sandstone. There are many trees, and cool green vistas in contrast to the heat waves that dance across the plains.

For some reason, this peaceful natural beauty spot was known as Devil's Canyon—until the Oklahoma Methodist Conference established one of its three summer camps there nine years ago.

Methodist Canyon Camp is



Two into four equals two! Which means that Mike and Robert will have two nights each sleeping in the top and bottom bunk beds. Both boys proved capable housekeepers and bedmakers.

complete with cabins, tabernacle, outdoor chapel, playgrounds, and swimming pool. Mike was one of thousands who arrived last summer to take part in a varied religious and recreational program. But Mike and some 40 others who shared his four days there are a

special kind of people. They are the deaf, one group of Americans recognized by the church as a new frontier for Christian concern.

Mike is bright, lively, and eager to learn. He played, swam, threw rocks, explored, and frequently joined adults in worship services

"What's your name, and how old are you?" With Robert as go-between, Mike has fun answering questions from boys who can hear.

It thrills Mike to ring the dinner bell—perhaps because he "hears" the vibrations.



conducted daily in sign language.

If, like Mike, you cannot hear others speak, it is unlikely that you ever will learn to talk. But if you are watchful and alert, and trained teachers are there to help, you can learn many things.

Mike, a student at Oklahoma's State School for the Deaf at Sulphur, came to camp with his cousin, Robert, who has normal hearing. Together, they splurged on soft drinks, donned diving masks, and cavorted in the pool. They played shuffleboard and badminton, and climbed imaginary mountains. Had they actually encountered the Plains Indians of old,

only Mike might have been able to "talk" to them—for the Indians, like the deaf, often used their hands to communicate.

Methodism's interdenominational camp for the deaf is a part of the conference program designed to break through the barrier that has kept the deaf from receiving special training tailored to their religious and social needs.

"There are more than 250,000 deaf in the U.S.," writes Louis W. Foxwell, Jr., in the pamphlet *How Shall They Hear?* a publication of the National Division of the Methodist Board of Missions. "Only 10,000 of them have an opportunity to



Toward the end, Mike's pocket money begins to dwindle to a few nickels and dimes, but he denies spending most of his \$4 on pop. Otherwise, the four days at camp cost \$12.50.



"I have finished the eighth grade," signs Mike, a student at the State School for the Deaf at Sulphur, Okla.

ttend a church in which they will understand and be understood.

"Even though the deaf are strong enough in number to establish a church in every major city, they do not earn enough money to support one. The National Division and annual conference boards of missions are largely responsible for supporting those churches already established."

Methodism's deaf ministry in Oklahoma serves about 300 people in eight churches and there are similar ministries in Maryland, North Carolina, Ohio, southern Illinois, and the Chicago area. The first such services began at Methodism's Chicago Temple in 1893; in 1896, Baltimore's Christ Methodist Church for the Deaf was organized. The Rev. Louis W. Foxwell, Sr., father of pamphlet's author, serves the Baltimore congregation and organized churches in Washington, D.C., and Frederick, Md.

"An average church is not equipped to deal with the special problems of deafness," writes Mr. Foxwell. "It is necessary first to understand the deaf, then to seek help. A beginning is being made by a few . . . who have committed themselves to teach Christianity to these people who have little knowledge of God and virtually no knowledge of the teachings of

At the morning watch service, Mike and other deaf members of the camp group join in signing the Lord's Prayer.





Where Indians once found shade and game, Mike and Robert exercise proper caution while exploring the lower levels of canyon walls which surround the camp. They discovered a variety of plant and animal life. The three Oklahoma Methodist summer camps served 15,659 registered campers last year.

Jesus." He points out that among more than 300 state schools for the deaf there are less than 12 ministers able to offer direct religious instruction.

"The vast majority of deaf children remain ignorant of the basic tenets of Christianity," Mr. Foxwell observes.

Oklahoma's program goes back five years to the Rev. John F. Bell, then assistant pastor at Epworth Methodist Church, Oklahoma City. Today the deaf membership at Epworth has grown to 60. Mr. Bell served four years as camp dean. The new dean for 1965 is the Rev. La Verle Carrington of Bethany,

Oklahoma. His assistant will be J. R. Whiteside of McAlester. Mr. Whiteside himself is deaf.

"We estimate that Oklahoma has 1,500 deaf people," says Mr. Carrington, who is director of the Oklahoma Conference Ministry to the Deaf. "Among these, more than 300 are Methodists or have Methodist preference. Other churches working with deaf groups include the Southern Baptists, the Lutherans, and the Assembly of God."

In preparing for his role in Oklahoma Methodism's program for the deaf, one of the most extensive in the nation, Mr. Carrington

worked with Epworth's deaf group and studied the sign language for almost a year. Special films and literature are available for distribution to those churches that have organized deaf units.

Although this phase of the church's ministry is still in its infancy, the handicapped themselves are beginning to take an active part. In at least seven of the eight churches, the deaf are helping. As church-school teachers, they are using the marvelous language of their hands to tell others, like young Mike Anders, what it means to find Christ in a soundless world.

—H. B. TEETER



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

BECAUSE life is dramatic, drama one of man's oldest and deepest concerns. Religion turns to drama in order to make clear its most profound lessons and insights.

Indeed, I have long felt that the best model for the construction of a sermon is a play, and the preacher who studies drama perfects his own craftsmanship. The conflict between opposing forces is the secret of the universe. As a playwright said: without morality there can be no drama. However, many of us, who do not care to explore this subject very far, would like to know what is being produced on Broadway. So, a department devoted to fiction may be allowed once a year to survey the American stage. I do it through a book edited by Henry Hewes and entitled **THE BEST PLAYS OF 1963-1964** (*Dodd-Mead, \$5.50*). The jacket says this is the 47th year of the *Burns Mantle Yearbook*.

It summarizes the seasons in New York, in London, Paris, and other places abroad and around the United States; it has drawings by Hirschfeld and photographs of actors, actresses and stage scenes; it is a one-volume annual encyclopedia of facts about hits and flops. You could hardly find a better book.

The part that interests me the most is a section called "The Ten Best Plays" which gives the high points of these productions. I would like to speak of these plays.

The Rehearsal by Jean Anouilh is about a young girl who falls in love with a married man while they are rehearsing for a play. The affair is broken up by a rascal who pretends that he represents the lover who has one away and who has asked him to call off the affair. It is sophisticated, but it contains no great theme.

John Osborne's *Luther* tries to probe the mind of the Great Reformer as he makes his decision to obey conscience rather than Roman Catholic officials. There is the wrestling with the betrayal of the peasants' revolt, and then Luther settles down to his work with a vague hope that the drama and glory of Worms may someday return to him. It is interesting, but never quite grasps Luther's greatness.

Arnold Wesker's *Chips With Everything* takes place in a Royal Air Force

barracks somewhere in England. There is a boy of the upper class who prefers to be with the common folks and has no desire to be an officer. There are conflicts between men and authority, and it deals with men who are individuals becoming a single unit in a military machine.

Barefoot in the Park by Neil Simon is a comedy about a newly married couple and their difficulties in getting established in a New York flat. It is clever, sharp, alcoholic, and does the best it can to make meaning out of mighty poor material.

James Saunders' *Next Time I'll Sing to You* is staged without scenery. The actors talk directly to the audience and bring them into the play whenever possible. It deals with some of the existential problems of life, but it simply was not my cup of tea.

Everybody knows about *Hello, Dolly!* which seems to be the big musical hit of the season. The book is by Michael Stewart and the music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. It seems ridiculous to read a musical and think you are going to get much out of it; but strangely enough, if you have imagination, you can enter into it with some enjoyment. Reading it rather than seeing it, however, makes the thin plot seem even thinner.

Dylan by Sidney Michaels is, of course, about the life of the late Dylan Thomas, one of our real contemporary poets. It has a lot to do with his wife, Caitlin. It is frank with some bad words and some sexy situations, but it reveals the essential tragedy of a man with a great gift and little discipline.

Arthur Miller's *After the Fall* has been much discussed and criticized for holding up the late Marilyn Monroe to public gaze. Everybody is mixed up and everybody makes more or less of a mess of life. Being too much of a moralist to excuse talented people from the moral law, I found the play full of sound and fury and signifying nothing.

In some ways, Paddy Chayefsky's *The Passion of Josef D.* was the most interesting of the 10 plays. It tells about Stalin and his relationship with Lenin, and implies that Stalin was essentially a very religious man. It might be a way of saying that when a religious man goes wrong, he be-

comes worse than the hard-boiled worldling.

The 10th play is Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy*, and in my book it is the most significant of these that Mr. Henry Hewes has called the 10 best. I hasten to say at once that I do not know enough about the history of the period to know how accurate the portrayal of Pope Pius XII is. The thesis is that if he had been firm, he could have saved many Jews from Hitler's extermination camps by simply speaking the right word and taking the right attitude. But in spite of the urging of Father Fontana and his father, so the play says, the Pope temporized in order to maintain a relationship with Hitler and was thus responsible for much of the slaughter. The play implies that the church was more concerned with stopping the Russians than it was with putting down the Nazis [see *The Furor Over Silence*, June, 1964, page 21]. I can understand why Roman Catholics objected to the play, but it is full of human sympathy and concern, and deals with a theme of significance.

These are the plays which have been chosen as the best, and if they represent the spiritual condition of our time, we are in trouble. Still, there is a deeper note being sounded than has been true of the stage during the last few years. There is nothing wrong with a light comedy for pure entertainment purposes now and then. But there is a curious lack of great issues being dramatized by our playwrights.

Such a survey as this reveals the greatness of the Bible. Here is a book full of drama which manages to deal with human weaknesses and foibles, but never tries to make us think that there are important issues without God. Let me remind you again of what that writer said about morality being necessary for any real drama.

When the church understands truly what it is and what its message must be, it becomes in every community the center of joy and drama. Our play is written by God and only our lack of understanding of the material will make the production dull. Broadway must do the best it can with what it has to work with, but the Christian church has for its presentation "the greatest story ever told." □

Looks at NEW Books

THE USUAL biography that comes out immediately after the death of a great man is oversized, overpriced, and underwritten. *Churchill: Portrait of Greatness* (Prentice-Hall, \$3.95) is big enough to look impressive on your coffee table, but its price is, frankly, a bargain, and the text for this picture biography, by Associated Press correspondent Relman Morin, lifts you into Winston Churchill's remarkable life from its first paragraph.

Before beginning at the beginning, Morin focuses on May 10, 1940, when Churchill, then 65, became Britain's wartime prime minister. Years later, Sir Winston recorded his feelings: "I felt as if I were walking with Destiny, and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial . . . I thought I knew a good deal about it all, and I was sure I should not fail." Nothing, says Morin, is more self-revealing than that statement.

Churchill did not fail. He led England through its darkest hour, never taking his eye off the victory that was to come. He did not prevent the liquidation of the British Empire; no man could have stood against the powerful tides of nationalism that followed World War II. But he saw two of his objectives come closer to being achieved: closer relations with the United States and the beginnings of unity in Europe. And he lived 90

wondrous years. Morin says of him, as Shakespeare had Hamlet say of his father: "He was a man, take him for all in all. I shall not look upon his like again."

The day was Saturday, December 17, 1960. A plane lifted off from Tokyo Airport, and blonde Penny DeFore, just out of high school and eight days short of being 18, felt a wave of pure panic. Why, she asked herself, had she left her family and her friends in Hollywood, her own safe, blue-shuttered bedroom, to spend a year in a Korean orphanage?

But she knew the answer. Five years before, she had gone to visit the studio where her father, movie star Don DeFore, was acting in a motion picture about the orphanage that had been built in Seoul with money contributed by American fighting men. Some of the Korean orphans had been on the set, and for Penny it had been love at first sight. From that moment on, she had been able to think of nothing but helping those children.

With All My Love (Prentice-Hall, \$3.95) is Penny's record of what happened during the year she was in Korea. Based on letters she wrote home, which have been lovingly put together by her father, it is told with the bounce of a teen-ager, but it is filled with hard-won wisdom—for the outgoing, idealistic young American

ran headlong into age-old Asian problems.

The orphanage director, Mrs. Cho, who had been so gracious in Hollywood, was remote and forbidding. Instead of letting Penny pour out her love to the children, she drained the last drop of publicity out of the presence of "the American movie star-daughter." The orphanage was grim, cold, filthy. The children were in rags.

Discovering that the warehouse was filled with CARE packages, Penny begged Mrs. Cho to distribute warm clothing to the children, but she was told that compassion and comfort were luxuries Koreans could not afford.

"I am not concerned with this week or this year," Mrs. Cho explained.

"I am concerned with the time when your Mr. Taylor and his CARE go back to America, or when there is revolution or civil war, or if the Communists come back . . . If I did what you want I would have happy children for a few months and then my warehouse would be empty and they would starve."

Penny finally left the orphanage and went to work as a volunteer physical therapist at the Church World Service Crippled Children's Center, where she was allowed to lavish her love and care upon the small patients. And she learned more about the perilously slim margin upon which life subsists in Korea. When she was getting ready to leave she was able to talk again with Mrs. Cho, and they both admitted that they had learned from each other.

Americans can be proud of a girl like Penny, Methodists can be particularly proud that she comes from a Methodist home, all readers can be grateful that here is a book that tells about Korea in a way that makes us feel and understand.

There is something particularly terrible about seeing the face of war through the eyes of the surgeon. They take in the smallest details of horror. Yet the surgeon, better than most men, can also see beyond the degrada-



Penny DeFore coaxes rare laughter from Korean orphans with a Santa Claus puppet. From *With All My Love*.

ion of the body to the unassailable dignity of the human spirit. This is particularly so if the surgeon is a Christian, and is why *Token of a Covenant* (Regnery, \$5.95) is such an unforgettable book.

Hans Graf von Lehndorff was a young surgeon when the Russians invaded East Prussia during the last months of World War II. Through the flame of bombardment, the rape and pillage of invasion, the silence and ruin of defeat, and the iron rule of occupation, he continued to practice medicine in civilian and military hospitals, in a concentration camp, and on the run. Finally, in 1947, he escaped to West Germany. *Token of Covenant* is his diary of a time when "to be alive is a constant reproach." Yet amid the death and destruction, the hunger and cold, the pain and the need were the heroism of men and women, the reaffirmation of life against the power of death, and the depth of the Christian's faith in God.

After a heavy thunderstorm, the doctor, his assistant, and some members of his staff stopped at the window of an upper floor of the hospital to look out at the destroyed city of Königsberg: "Down below us, against the black background of the passing storm, lay a whitely shimmering sea of ruins, lit up by the evening sun. In the midst of it rose the split tower of the castle like an exclamation mark; and above it, in rare perfection, a rainbow arched like the gate of heaven over the desert. We held hands. When the apparition began to fade, we turned and went back to our room, unable to speak after this impressive experience. 'Shouldn't we read the watchwords?' Doktora suggested. I took the book out of my baggage and handed it to her. She opened it at June 13 and read: 'God said, I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be or a token of a covenant between me and the earth.'"

The sensitive translation of this powerful book was done by Elizabeth Mayer.

Carol M. Doig's story about the ministry to the night people of Las Vegas [see page 18] reminds me of one new and one not-so-new book on Nevada gambling.

In *Gamblers' Money* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95) reporter Wallace Turner of the *New York Times* traces gambling money from the slot machines and dice tables of Las Vegas into legitimate business. One of his sources estimated that seven gambling houses are skimming off \$2 million a month before making their tax reports. A lot of this "black money" finds its way into business, which might be a worthy thing if the mobsters did not take their methods with

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them. But big-time gambling, Turner stresses, taints whatever it touches.

The Green Felt Jungle (Trident Press, \$4.95; Pocket Book, 75¢) does not have the depth of Turner's book, but Ed Reid and Ovid Demaris have written a graphic first chapter. The little desert town of Las Vegas, they say, is a city in statistics only. An aerial view would reveal: "an accumulation of shopping centers, tract houses, garish casinos downtown on Fremont Street [known as Glitter Gulch], and sprawling hotel-casinos along the Strip, where the architecture follows two popular styles: 'Ranch Rococo' or 'Miami Baroque.'" There are 81 places of worship, "but there is only one true god—money."

The rest of *The Green Felt Jungle*, written in 1963, is devoted to specific instances of bribery, beatings, murders, and bawdy house operation told in sensational style as the authors detail the way the underworld took over Nevada gambling.

"How would you like to double your money?" the advertisement asked. "Just send in 10¢ and we'll tell you how."

People who responded received terse mimeographed instructions: "Just fold it."

Fraud? Of course. In its simplest, most barefaced form. Not quite so obvious are hundreds of different schemes, gyps, swindles, and sharp business practices with intricate variations that cost people in the United States hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

Buyer Beware! (Abingdon, \$3.50) is a consumer's guide to hoaxes and hucksters which exposes how the schemes operate, how to avoid being taken in, and what to do if you are.

"Victims of schemes sometimes become victims of their ownupidity," says author Fred Trump, "their own desire to be a part of an activity that is somewhat less than honest. At least the victims may be fooled into believing they can get something for nothing."

But almost anyone can be taken in by a clever confidence man, Trump points out, for there is genuine trust in most people, as well as egotism and a certain amount of gullibility. If you are inclined to trust rather than distrust, *Buyer Beware!* is for you, although Trump writes that he hopes his readers still have confidence in their fellowman after reading it. He just wants us to watch out for that very small minority who can steal us blind.

When and why did human beings first fall in love with gold, I wonder.

Gina Allen, who grew up in South Dakota at Lead (pronounced *leed*), home of the great Homestake gold

mine, began to satisfy her curiosity about the precious metal when she was a girl. Now in *Gold!* (Crowell \$5.95) she traces its dramatic story

Gold nuggets attracted the attention of primitive man because the did not tarnish and were so heavy she tells us. Yet in spite of the real gold has played in the history of the world, all the gold ever mined could be fitted into a 90-foot cube.

Whether it is earrings, wedding rings, the pageant of history, or the buying power of money you are interested in, you will find Gina Allen's book informative, and charmingly readable.

Table of the

FORTITUDINOUS FROG

Have you heard of the long, misguided jump
Of the frog who was surprised to learn
He had landed not in a hollow stump
But in an old brown wooden churn?

He struggled and strangled and rose
and sank
In the deep thick clabber it contained
He lost composure, his mind went
blank—
But as it happened, both were
regained.

And he knew at once for a certainty
He was not one of a shameful ilk
Resigned to perish ignobly,
And drown in a vessel of curdled milk

So kicking he churned for himself a
pad
Of firm gold butter, perhaps a pound
On which he rested until he had
The wit to leap to the solid ground.

—Frances Eleonore Schluneger

The experts may find it thin in spots, but Richard Dillon's biography of *Meriwether Lewis* (Coward-McCann, \$6.95) is a good introduction to the young private secretary of President Thomas Jefferson who led the Lewis and Clark Expedition up the Missouri River and through the mountains to the coast of Oregon. The journey realized Jefferson's most cherished dream: an overland route across the continent.

The first full-length treatment of Lewis' life to appear in more than 30 years, Dillon's biography is valuable in that it goes beyond the success of the expedition to record Lewis' troubled later years as governor of the Louisiana Territory. Lewis, who had led a small band of men through un-

own and dangerous country with great tact and firmness, to open up the West, had no flair for politics or paper work. Frustrated by harassments, troubled by the unsympathetic attitude of the new president, James Madison, he set out for Washington in desperate attempt to straighten out his problems. But, at the age of 35, he died of bullet wounds in a hostel on the Natchez Trace. The supposition was that it was suicide.

When I drove to Wyoming last summer, it seemed to me that every other car was either pulling a camping trailer or was that modern version of the covered wagon, the camper. So it is no surprise to me that the 1965 Rand McNally *Guidebook to Campgrounds* (\$2.95) lists 1,000 more campgrounds this year than it did last year.

This brings the total campsites in the United States and Canada to well over 175,000. The Rand McNally guide will not only tell you where to find them but will let you know what you will find when you get there. Tables indicate the kind of facilities available, fees charged, and such things as whether ice is available, whether pets are permitted, and what recreational facilities are offered.

I found, also, information on tourist regulations for crossing the Canadian and Mexican borders and helpful hints for new campers.

Anne Biezaneck became the mother of 11 children in 13 years. Seven of them lived, but after the birth of the fifth child, Mrs. Biezaneck had a physical and mental breakdown that made her unable to take care of her family. The children became dependent upon their parents, and the situation was more complicated because Mrs. Biezaneck needed to work to help support her family. Her husband, a Pole, was qualified as a lawyer and judge advocate in his own country but could not practice in England. He works as a ship's steward.

As one child followed another, Mrs. Biezaneck, a devout Roman Catholic, pleaded with the priests to help her find a solution that would hold her marriage together and yet allow her to obey the church's teaching on birth control. Getting no help, she finally turned to "the pill" and launched a one-woman public battle to change the Roman Catholic stand. She was the first Catholic in the world to open a birth-control clinic, and reports of her insistence upon remaining a Catholic in spite of her defiance of the church's teaching made newspaper headlines all over the world.

In *All Things New* (Harper & Row, \$3.50), Anne Biezaneck writes with passion about the psychological stress

couples have to endure when they try to follow the rhythm method of birth control, both difficult and uncertain but the only method of family planning fully sanctioned by her church. Describing modern methods of birth control with clinical frankness, she contends that the Catholic position was taken before such methods were developed. Early church leaders, she believes, would not have banned 20th century methods if they had known of them.

Anyone who thinks the menace of overpopulation is merely a demographer's nightmare would do well to read *The Silent Explosion* (Beacon, \$4.95).

Philip Appleman, now at Indiana University, taught a course in world literature and philosophy in the International School of America, a unique educational institution that flies a small group of college students and their professors around the world to visit and study 16 countries over a regular academic year. This took him around the world twice, and he has a seeing eye and a quick mind.

He tells of Sealdah Station, Calcutta, where "misery radiates outward." One American student described it this way: "I thought I was prepared for poverty. But to see men, women, and children sleeping on the sidewalks, looking like little bundles of rags, to see thousands of people living in shacks, like animals . . ." Another student took it up: "Once when I was stopped by a woman begging, I gathered all my courage and looked straight into her eyes, and it hit me then—these are people."

Throughout *The Silent Explosion* Prof. Appleman never lets you forget that population means people. But he brings out the economic and social implications of the population explosion. The urgent economic need of densely populated underdeveloped countries is industrialization, he says. But to achieve industrialization, massive capital investment is necessary; and if the rate of population increase is too high, so much of the financial, material, and human capital will be used up in feeding, housing, educating, and caring for the new crop of human beings that there will not be enough left to achieve the breakthrough to a viable industrial economy.

Prof. Appleman believes the United States government has a moral responsibility to devote money and brains to research on human reproduction and its control, then to make the results freely and fully available to all governments. "Not to accept this responsibility is to be immoral, and immoral on the grand scale—it condemns millions more human be-

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ings to an increasingly wretched existence."

If I were going to read one book on population, *The Silent Explosion* would be the book. And if I were going to read one magazine's exploration of the subject, I would turn back to TOGETHER's January issue, which devoted seven features to aspects of population and birth control. Central among these features was Bishop John Wesley Lord's strong statement of the Protestant belief that family planning is a Christian responsibility [see *The Morality of Birth Control: What the Major Faiths Say*, January, page 23].

To wrap up the Christian faith in 72 pages is a next to impossible job, but one of Methodism's foremost theologians, Georgia Harkness, does it briskly and competently in *What Christians Believe* (Abingdon, 75¢, paper).

In spite of differences of belief among Christians, when Christianity is contrasted either with the other living religions of the world or with the secularism that threatens to engulf it in the West, the distinction is clear at vital points, Dr. Harkness says. It is on those vital points that she concentrates, although she does point out denominational and doctrinal differences she believes are important.

She begins with belief in God, discusses the Bible as God's revelation of himself, then moves to God's supreme revelation in Jesus Christ. Focusing on the centrality of Christ, she relates the basic doctrines of the Incarnation, the cross, and the Resurrection to the historical events of Jesus' life and ministry. Next, she takes up the doctrine of the Trinity and the work of the Holy Spirit in creating and sustaining the Christian church. And, finally, she writes of the Christian life.

For Walter Russell Bowie, the Gospel that makes Jesus the most vivid and compelling is the Gospel According to Luke. It, he says, "makes plain that the presence of God does not have to be identified by halos, but that all the common facts of every day are hallowed if the heavenly purpose is working there."

Out of his own experiences as a minister, teacher, lecturer, and writer, Dr. Bowie has set down his personal interpretation of Luke in *The Compassionate Christ* (Abingdon, \$5.50). Neither sermon, nor meditation, nor history, this exploration of the meaning of the Gospel's passages delves into the customs and beliefs of the times to explain why the writer wrote as he did.

Of that writer, believed to be the same companion of Paul who wrote

the Acts of the Apostles, Dr. Bowie says he was "a man who like Paul the evangelist realized that the mercy of Jesus reached out to Gentile as well as Jew; a man who reflected his Lord's tenderness toward all shamed and sorrowing sinners; a man concerned for the disadvantaged and the poor; a man who accorded dignity to women in a world that ordinarily gave dignity only to men. Such a man, whom the grateful Paul called 'the beloved physician,' was Luke."

Few human family albums speak of relationships between father and mother and parent and child as warmly as *Lion Island* (Morrow, \$3.50). Photographers Emmy Haas and Sam Dunton took hundreds of pictures of two lion cubs and their parents at the New York Zoological Society's Bronx Zoo, and the zoo's curator of publications, William Bridges, has surrounded the best of the pictures with a fascinating narrative of lion-family life.

A junior book, this story of Charlie and Princess and their Cubs was designed for boys and girls from 6 to 10. It will be a delight, however, to animal lovers of all ages.

Every schoolchild knows that Nathan Hale, just before he was hanged by the British, said: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." But fewer of us know that the Revolutionary War hero, who was a schoolmaster before he joined the Continental Army, was so interested in education for women that he would open the classroom at five o'clock in the morning to teach the girls before his classes for boys took up at seven.

Mildred Miles Main gives today's boys and girls a vivid biography of the man who became one of our first patriots in *Hail, Nathan Hale!* (Abingdon, \$2.50).

When Eva Le Gallienne's mother was a little girl in Denmark, she sat on Hans Christian Andersen's lap as he told his fairy tales to her class in school. Miss Le Gallienne, who is famous in the theater as a translator as well as a distinguished actress and director, must, therefore, take special delight in translating Andersen's stories into English. Some time ago, she translated seven of them, and now she has translated the loveliest of them all, the story about the nightingale whose song enchanted an emperor.

Miss Le Gallienne's exquisite text is enough to make *The Nightingale* (Harper & Row, \$3.95) a book to be cherished. Nancy Ekholm Burkert's illustrations make it a rare work of art.

—BARNABAS

The payoff brings joy as Mrs. Welthy Fisher (left) shows a student in India how to use a projector bought with trading stamps.

Saving stamps for Mrs. Fisher

By CATHERINE CUNNINGHAM LEE

A HONOLULU housewife, bent on exchanging her five books of trading stamps for new household linens, stepped into the elevator of her apartment one morning. When she left, she had only two books.

What happened? In those few moments, a sharp-eyed neighbor had persuaded her to donate her stamps to a cause which has won endorsements from the Ford Foundation, the Watumull Foundation of Honolulu, and CARE, as well as the energetic backing of other stamp-saving Hawaiians.

That cause is Literacy Village (now incorporated as World Education) in Lucknow, India. There, thousands of unlettered Indians have been trained in the "three Rs" and, in turn, have gone out to all parts of India to teach their fellow countrymen. As a result, it is estimated that more than a million

former adult illiterates now can read and write.

What have trading stamps to do with education? Who thought of this use for them? And who founded Literacy Village?

The stamps are collected in great batches and exchanged for educational equipment—such as movie cameras, screens and projectors, tape recorders, typewriters, and globes—all of which are sent to Lucknow. Other useful items are sent, too: baby-bottle sterilizers, tables, tools, and books.

The stamp-swap idea evolved in a current-events class sponsored by Honolulu's Pacific and Asian Affairs Council. There, Mrs. Welthy Fisher, vigorous 84-year-old guest speaker and widow of Methodist Bishop Frederick Bohn Fisher of Calcutta, described the struggle of Indian adults to master the printed word.

In 1953, Mrs. Fisher had begun a modest teaching project on the veranda of her bungalow in Allahabad, India. A born teacher and author, she earlier had helped found Baldwin School for Girls in Nanchang, China, and had written *Handbook for Ministers' Wives*. So it was not surprising that her new classes flourished.

With the help of charitable organizations, the teaching endeavor progressed until today it utilizes 11 acres and has added night classes—usually taught outdoors by candlelight—for day workers.

"The need for teaching," Mrs. Fisher told the Honolulu gathering, "is urgent. Every Indian over 21 now can vote, but only a fifth of the population is literate. Communism has no better target than a voter who cannot read."

Among the intent listeners was



Mrs. Robert C. Elliott, for years a teacher of remedial reading. She knew well the hunger for knowledge among children suffering from mental or emotional blocks. How great then, she thought, must be the longing of unhandicapped adults who want to read but have no teachers!

Mrs. Elliott wanted to help, but she knew she and others in the group could afford only limited contributions. Stopping on her way home to buy groceries, she mulled over the problem. Then, when the cashier handed her a sheet of trading stamps, an idea clicked. Trading stamps could be exchanged for valuable teaching aids. She'd ask women to save stamps for Mrs. Fisher. Not give all, just some; not sacrifice, but share. That was the answer!

Mrs. Elliott launched an informal promotion campaign. She asked friends and neighbors for stamps; they, in turn, asked others. Mrs. Elliott appeared on radio and TV, and a Honolulu columnist wrote about the project. Soon stamps were coming in from all the islands.

A fat manila envelope came from one of Honolulu's showplace homes

—and the same mail brought a half book from a retired teacher on a small pension. A filled book came from a sixth-grader, together with a painstakingly neat letter addressing the women's group as "gentlemen." An old lady gave a tenth of the stamps she'd saved. "It's the traditional amount for tithing," she said. "I consider teaching the illiterate is the Lord's work."

Though the women had asked only for sharing, there were many real sacrifices. A nine-year-old, saving up for a first-baseman's mitt, gave a half-dozen stamps. From a young bride-on-a-budget came a full book with the explanation, "We were saving for my Christmas present, but decided it was more fun to help somebody miles away." Service families contributed, too—and one book came all the way from Scarsdale, N.Y., where a young lady had read the Honolulu columnist's account of the project.

Meanwhile, back at Literacy Village, Mrs. Fisher leafed through premium catalogs sent by Mrs. Elliott and picked out her choices—mostly audio-visual equipment and other training aids. Her problem of dealing with the many Indian dia-

lects was being complicated by eager-to-learn refugees from Tibet. It seemed *everyone* wanted to learn—and all at Literacy Village.

In Honolulu, the current-events group had a sticky problem. Twenty-five pounds of the little rectangles had to be pasted into books. Honolulu's Volunteer Service Bureau called for public-spirited workers and, in typical Hawaiian fashion, the job was done. A group of high-school football players tackled part of the task. Senior citizens pasted away—and so did one three-year-old whose book was a triumph of lovingly done messiness. But by far the biggest "sponge 'n' stick" job was done by 50 teen-aged girls of the Order of the Rainbow who met after school Mondays for service time.

Hawaii's trading-stamp companies laid aside competition to help, donating stamps and packing premiums. One company with especially good facilities volunteered to crate items from a competing company. All companies paid shipping costs. As a result, 46 items were sent to Literacy Village. They aren't the largest gifts sent there, but they represent the Hawaiian spirit—generosity to others.

Gifts to Literacy Village are gifts to all India's people. Typewriters speed the preparation of simple textbooks which in remote villages teach better agriculture, along with a reading lesson. Aluminum tables are the work surfaces on which puppets are made—and in drama-loving India, puppets are direct teaching aids. Movies enlighten students, who spread their enlightened influence where it is needed most.

Many students feel a pang when they leave the village. One morning, Mrs. Fisher asked a student what he was reading.

"I'm reading about Chacha [Uncle] Nehru," he answered.

"And what else?"

"About the flying thing your country has sent to the moon."

"Would you like to go to the moon?" Mrs. Fisher queried.

"Oh, no!" he laughed. "I want to stay in Literacy Village! What could I learn up there to teach my people down here?" □



In Honolulu, some 50 members of the Order of the Rainbow helped by pasting into books thousands of the trading stamps.



Letters

Faith in Past, Present, Future

MRS. ALLAN O. RIIHINEN
Santa Monica, Calif.

Thank you so much for past issues of enjoyment, and now for the wonderful article *The Miracle of the Seed* [May, page 35]. Recently, when my 17-year-old Elaine and I had a talk about life, religion, and other timely concerns, I told her to read this article since it explained so much better than I could why it is that we continue to have faith in past, present, and future.

Understanding, Not Conversion

MARY RETHERFORD
Des Moines, Iowa

In the May issue, Mrs. Lorene Seely criticized *TOGETHER*'s editors for publishing articles on Roman Catholicism. [See *Too Much Catholicism!* May, page 65.]

It sounds as if Mrs. Seely thinks we should have a race to see which denomination can do the most for Christ and get the most publicity out of it. I certainly do not think this is the purpose for a church.

Of course, I am interested in and concerned with what "our church" (Methodist) is doing for Christ, but I am more concerned with what "our church" (all Christianity) is doing for him. I feel that I am a Christian first, but I joined The Methodist Church because my views can be expressed best through this denomination.

Simply because *TOGETHER* prints articles on Catholicism does not mean that Methodists are growing closer to Catholics. I am sure that the purpose of such articles is to enable us to understand Roman Catholicism, not be converted to it.

From Critic, Congratulations

MRS. LORENE SEELY
Roosevelt, Wash.

Though my first letter to you was more or less critical of the trend that *TOGETHER* seemed to be taking, I cannot help congratulating you on the April issue. From cover to cover it is refreshing! *Evangelism* [page 50] by Bishop Gerald Kennedy is especially good. He stresses things so pertinent to the Christian life.

I hope *TOGETHER*'s editors will be able to fill future issues with such material

as in April. We need, now more than ever, a truly spirit-filled and inspired magazine to help us live as Christians should; articles that hit directly on the problems that so easily beset us; articles that inspire us to more dedication to Christ; and articles that nudge us out of prevalent apathy. Thanks for good reading.

Her Faith Is Restored

MRS. JEWELL M. HUGHES
Danville, Ill.

The article *Evangelism*, by Bishop Gerald Kennedy, has done much to restore my faith in The Methodist Church. I am thankful there are still Methodists who realize there is something wrong with our church and have courage to advocate evangelism as the remedy.

Bishop Kennedy has said, "Suddenly we know that only God and his Spirit can heal our disease and redeem our future." Those who are concerned about the ineffectiveness of our churches agree with him that a church which is not winning people to Christ is doomed. Courageous Christians like Bishop Kennedy give us hope.

Frost Thought Otherwise

SARAH HOWARD
Arlington, Va.

My regard for Robert Frost's philosophy, as expressed in his poem *Mending Wall*, compels me to protest the use made of the line, "Good fences make good neighbors," in Bishop Everett W. Palmer's article *How to Root Out Resentments* [May, page 33].

Let us see what Mr. Frost's sensi-



"This trap was meant for a Bengal tiger, Dad!"

bilities really were about fences. You will remember that the poet and his neighbor were mending their typical New England stonewall fence. In their conversation, it is the neighbor, not the poet, who speaks the line which Bishop Palmer used and others so often quote. Mr. Frost's own feelings are clear in three other lines:

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know / What I was walling in or walling out, / And to whom I was like to give offence.

Perhaps Bishop Palmer has not read the whole poem recently. I'd be glad to lend him my dog-eared copy.

Foster Children Bring Joy

MRS. EDWARD J. KROLICK
Champaign, Ill.

Mrs. Orville C. Beattie's well-written article, *We Were Foster Parents* [June, page 28], has given me a warm glow.

Our own four children are 7 through 12 years old, and our second set of foster children are now 3 and 6. They not only have given each of us the joy of helping others but they have added priceless to the wealth of experiences most valuable to a growing Christian family.

When the first foster brother and sister returned to their own home after 13 months with us, I wondered if our four would be willing again to share, to take turns, and to put up with small youngsters whose personalities could not help being battered by the extreme circumstances which generally make foster care necessary. The answer was, "Oh, Mother, of course we want some more!"

They arrived just a week before Christmas, and as I listened to our four children searching for the right words to explain each figure in our crèche and telling over and over again the story of the birth of Jesus to two children who had never heard it, I knew they already had given us more than we ever can give them.

Building a Fellowship

WARREN W. PETERS, Pastor
Novato Community Methodist Church
Novato, Calif.

It was a thrilling and pleasant experience to open my copy of *TOGETHER*'s June issue and find the article, *A Leaven in the Loaf* [page 14] by Polly Mudge Holmes. I was grateful for the recognition given me as former pastor of Shattuck Avenue Methodist Church in Oakland, Calif.

I would like to make one correction and a comment in order to give sharper focus to the total picture. At no time was the pulpit actually "vacated" between my pastorate and that of the present minister, Robert Olmstead. When I went to annual conference in 1962, I expected to return for another



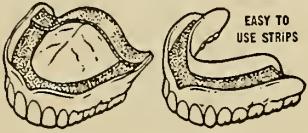
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year's work at Shattuck Avenue. Instead, when I was asked to consider a "promotion," it was agreed (on my suggestion) by the bishop and his cabinet and by the Shattuck Avenue conference lay member, Mr. O. D. Jacoby, that upon my appointment to the church here in Novato Mr. Olmstead, then my assistant, would be my successor at Shattuck Avenue.

While my "firm and relentless prodding" may have been a factor for success in the change-over period, I think it was teamwork by an understanding bishop, two superintendents who undergirded my efforts, and a group of laymen—white, Negro, Japanese—that made for this enriching experience. I have built churches materially; but here I felt I helped to build a spiritual fellowship. I would covet this experience for all my colleagues in the ministry.

'A Long Way to Go'

MRS. CAROL NEILD
Camden, Del.

The June Midmonth Powwow, *Is the Church Listening to the World?* [page 46], is excellent. Lawrence Lacour brought out one difficulty I believe is elemental. We are not in communication with each other.

Many of us Methodists are basically ignorant about our Christian faith. We are in the church because we have been taught that good people all go there. Few of us have been challenged to think through our beliefs. Few of us have even considered other Christian beliefs let alone the tenets of non-Christian religions.

Robert Raines in one of his books calls us "Bible illiterates." We know so little about the teachings of Christ and the beliefs of Paul as well as the Old Testament that it is no wonder that we cannot put it to use in our daily lives. We have a long way to go with those who are already in the church before we can be a mighty force in the world.

Organism, Not Organization

W. A. SWIFT, Retired Minister
Nashville, Tenn.

The ordinary person, reading the four articles of the June Powwow, *Is the Church Listening to the World?* would come to the conclusion that the church is an organization. It is not an organization but an organism.

The early Christians did not own a church building for more than 300 years, but the church started on the day of Pentecost when the disciples were filled with the Holy Spirit. In reality, the church is God and Christ dwelling in the soul, in the person of the Holy Spirit.

Read what Jesus said in Luke 17:20, 21: "Being asked by the Pharisees when the kingdom of God was coming, he

answered them, 'The kingdom of God is not coming with signs to be observed nor will they say, "Lo, here it is!" or "There!" for behold, the kingdom of God is in the midst of you.'

Bright Spot Overlooked

JOE T. WATT, JR.
Austin, Texas

I agree with Terry Turner that current commercial television programming is exceedingly poor. [See *TV Forecast 1965: More of the Same, Alas!* June page 12.] You and he, however, have overlooked one bright spot. Why not do a sequel on the excellent program prepared for NET—National Educational Television?

'Vigorous, Fresh Insight'

MRS. JEAN E. CARR
Bethesda, Md.

TOGETHER is filling a great need in The Methodist Church in lifting up such experimental and relevant ministries as the Glide Urban Center in the May issue. Thank you for being a part of our times with such articles.

I was happy to discover Robert Hodges' meaningful interpretations of *Old Testament Men of God* in *TOGETHER* [February, page 35]. Any art is an interpretation of meaning, and the church long has been guilty of condoning the least authentic art which has given bland interpretation to the dynamics of the Christian faith. Mr. Hodges speaks a strong word that brings vigorous, fresh insight to these Old Testament saints.

Having first discovered Mr. Hodges' work several years ago in motive and finding his *Head of Christ* one of the few which seem to attest to the strength of the New Testament Christ, I am grateful to you for introducing some of his work to a wider audience. Would it be possible for *TOGETHER* to reprint *Head of Christ*?

Religious Art: A Paradox

MRS. JON P. ISEMINGER
Havertown, Pa.

It is a paradox that we expect a religious picture to portray things the way we think they ought to be. Rosy children around a gentle, smiling Jesus is "religious" and suitable for children, while a starving, haggard Jesus weeping over a dead child in a tangle of barbed wire is "horrible" and must not be shown to children.

It is quite possible that our children will desperately need the assurance that cruel realities are within God's province. A starving Jesus may be very helpful to a starving child.

This paradox of religious "ought to be" may explain some of the negative reactions to Robert Hodges' *Old Testament Men of God* paintings in *TOGETHER*'s February issue. I think that

children who see these paintings will more readily apply them to personal situations than if the artist had concentrated on scenery and holy, uplifted eyeballs. I like them.

Has Mr. Hodgell done any portraits of Jesus? I would like to see his idea of the man who attracted fishermen and art collectors to his side.



Copyright 1965 by motive magazine

We can answer the questions of both Mrs. Iseminger and Mrs. Carr affirmatively. Reprinted here is the Head of Christ by Robert Hodgell which was first published in motive, the magazine for Methodist students. Prints of this pen-and-ink drawing, suitable for framing, are available in two sizes: 8 by 10 inches (25 cents) and 12½ by 13½ inches (50 cents). Order from motive, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.
-EDITORS

Money Ill Spent

C. KENDIG
Millersville, Pa.

If articles such as How to Succeed in the Pulpit [May, page 24] are to be included in an official magazine of The Methodist Church, then the money spent by congregations to put TOGETHER into every Methodist home is, to put it most kindly, ill spent.

Whether it is intended to be humorous, satirical, or thought provoking, his message is offensive. Any minister who feels about his sermons and his congregation as the author, Charles Merrill Smith, sets forth in this article had better employ his time and talent in some secular work where he can do less harm.

No Time for Trash

MRS. S. WILCOX
Avoca, Mich.

I have never read an article that was more repulsive, nauseating, and non-Christian than How to Succeed in the Pulpit. If religion is a game and the author feels this way about it, he has no business in God's business.

If such articles are allowed in the future, I will cancel my subscription. I have no time to waste on trash.

Congregation Being Cheated

MRS. EDWARD FORBES
Tunkhannock, Pa.

After reading How to Succeed in the Pulpit several times, I have come to the conclusion that Pastor Smith is trying to say with satire that his and all congregations are made up of ignorant, uninformed, spiritually retarded individuals who could not possibly digest a really relevant, meaty sermon if he preached one.

Pastor Smith is also admitting that he has bowed to what he thinks are the wishes of these people and is cheating them and himself of the really good sermonizing that he is capable of. He should reread 2 Timothy 4:1-5.

'First-Rate Content'

CRANFORD JOHNSON, Assoc. Chap.
Methodist Center, Duke University
Durham, N.C.

Recent issues of TOGETHER have had much first-rate content. As a native of the Deep South, I appreciate the thorough reporting on the church in Mississippi [April, page 3]. As a fan of Robert Hodgell's wood-block prints, I appreciate his paintings in the February issue [page 35].

As a student of theology, I commend you for the article on Dietrich Bonhoeffer [April, page 27] whose life and works continue to judge, inspire, and provoke us. And as a minister, I encourage you to keep before those of us "in the collar" the ministry of the laity (as in The Brothers of Taizé [March, page 34]) as being the only full ministry of the church in the world.

Another Relevant Paragraph

CECIL CLIBURN
Meridian, Miss.

Regarding your Viewpoint, Who Is Responsible? [June, page 10], there is not really much doubt, is there? Anyone can see that the Southern whites, and especially the law-enforcement officers, are to blame.

Paragraph 87, concerning the duty of Christians to civil authority, has been a part of the Discipline of The Methodist Church much longer than the paragraphs you quoted. It just might be that it, too, has a message bearing on this matter:

"It is the duty of all Christians, and especially of all Christian ministers, to observe and obey the laws and commands of the governing or supreme authority of the country of which they are citizens or subjects or in which they reside, and to use all laudable means to encourage and enjoin obedience to the powers that be."

Let us examine this Viewpoint of TOGETHER's to see if it is Christian. The New Testament tells us plainly, "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace



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. . ." (Galatians 5:22). And again, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, . . . honorable, . . . just, . . . pure, . . . lovely, . . . of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." (Philippians 4:8 KJV.)

Do you really think your *Viewpoint* will result in more love, joy, and peace? Will it turn hearts to thoughts of things that are lovely and of good report? Was the famous Selma crisis virtuous and praiseworthy in any respect? If not, then why publicize or think on the matter?

Why Work Outside Church?

MRS. R. L. MICHELS
Thornton, Ill.

Regarding *Engaging the City—With Love* [May, page 14], this is truly a paradox. What are ordained ministers doing in a work that does not stress the church? I cannot see what possible communication they could have with homosexuals within the framework of a ball. No wonder they were raided.

I believe our ministers must exemplify the Christian virtues in their own conduct. I believe we have the right to expect a sense of responsibility, moderation, and dignity of our clergy.

Not for the Coffee Table

DEAN SHAW, Pastor
First Methodist Church
Clayton, N.Y.

Regarding *Engaging the City—With Love*: for CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, yes; for TOGETHER, no!

Since TOGETHER purports to be a family magazine for the living-room coffee table, was the picture caption on page 18, quoting "those on the make for the church," really necessary?

How about a dance for jewel thieves?

Needed: Prayerful Support

MARY G. DRAKE
Poteet, Texas

In the article *Engaging the City—With Love*, I am concerned about the part on the Council on Religion and the Homosexual. It seems to me that this is an area where the church needs, as always, to "love the sinner and hate the sin."

Among the many problems of the homosexual is ridding himself of the practice of homosexuality, just as the alcoholic's main problem is to get rid of his drunkenness. Apparently the approach of the council is quite different from that of Alcoholics Anonymous. In AA, all members are alcoholics, but they are alcoholics who have stopped drinking.

But perhaps there is a corresponding movement, starting slowly, growing quietly. It should receive the prayerful support of all Christians.

Keep Methodists Informed

VIRGIL EVANS
Elizabethtown, Ky.

I enjoyed the May issue of TOGETHER particularly the lead-off articles on the Glide Urban Center in San Francisco

It might come as a shock to some Methodists to learn that churchmen have started a fund-raising venture for the Glide-initiated Council on Religion and the Homosexual. Smaller communities of our nation do not have great problems such as a city like San Francisco. However, this need not keep the people called Methodists from being well informed about the world today.

The Rev. Ted McIlvenna states a truth for Methodists when he says "Traditional Protestant moralism is still one of our biggest problems."

Asbury 'Vigorously Presented'

ARTHUR BRUCE MOSS
Pastor Emeritus
John Street Methodist Church
New York, N.Y.

Allow me to express my keen appreciation of the article *Bishop Asbury in the Wyoming Valley* [June, page 31]. You have vigorously presented the obstacles and hardships that Asbury knew every day of his ministry in America. We have yet to achieve full understanding of his amazing leadership and his warm brotherly heart.

This frontier preacher was both friend and companion, as well as bishop, to every preacher, whether in the growing city or daring the wilderness frontier.

Associate Editor Herman B. Teeter's description of Asbury and his task is matched by Floyd Johnson's artistry in the pictures of the terrain today and the sketches of present and past events on the accompanying road maps.

'Great Scout of God'

MRS. H. B. WILLETS
Mill City, Pa.

The June number is the best yet, especially the story on Francis Asbury, the first bishop of the American Methodist Church.



"You said you were tired of potatoes the same way . . . try these mashed French fries."

I have always liked to read about this great scout of God. It makes me sorry that he had to suffer so much to make it easy for us today. How good that Mr. Teeter could write this article so that our take-it-for-granted Methodists may glimpse what it meant to be "on mission" in Asbury's day.

The watercolors by Floyd Johnson are superb. My husband was a member of the Wyoming Annual Conference, and held many charges in this area. I have been in the old Forty Fort Meetinghouse [page 34] with its high pulpit, so you can see that these pictures were of special interest to me.

Valley Misnamed, He Says

GLENN R. FRYLING

Princeton Junction, N.J.

A small-town boy always dreams of seeing one of his favorite boyhood haunts in a prominent national magazine. So my interest in the June issue of *TOGETHER* was stimulated by the article on Bishop Asbury's travels in Pennsylvania.

When I reached page 33, I was thrilled by Floyd Johnson's rendition of what he saw from Blue Hill, showing the "white" bridge, the old Northumberland Opera House, and the two sets of bridges linking Sunbury and Northumberland. But when I got to the caption, I was befuddled by the lines which extend the Wyoming Valley to the confluence of the North and West branches of the Susquehanna River. Nonsense!

That beautiful scene is in the Susquehanna Valley. If there is any geographically identifiable Wyoming Valley, it begins on the North branch of the Susquehanna somewhere around Wilkes-Barre. There the designation "Wyoming" primarily refers to a portion of land that was claimed both by the heirs of William Penn and the residents of Connecticut located at the same latitude to the east.

But I really do not wish to be overly critical. I did appreciate the article and intend to borrow the *Asbury Journal*, which *TOGETHER*'s article and illustrations have brought to life in new and intriguing ways.

Cover Revived Memories

MRS. HARRY F. HENRY

Lake Worth, Fla.

I was delighted to see the picture of Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa., on the cover of the June issue of *TOGETHER*. Thanks a million! It brought back many happy memories of school days there and of my romance, where I found my husband. I see a sky full of faées, students and professors.

We are retired now, after 50 years in the Methodist ministry. Thanks again for the cover picture and the sweet nostalgia.

We love *TOGETHER* and look forward each month to the new issue.

Good for Posting

MRS. E. C. CROSSMAN

Madison, Wis.

The article *Matchmaker for College Candidates* [June, page 54] ought to be posted on a bulletin board in every Methodist church where young people could see it. It also could alleviate some pangs that parents suffer as this time of year brings rejection slips from first, second, and even third choice colleges to their sons and daughters.

Directors of Christian education and commissions on education need to emphasize and add to what high-school guidance counselors do, by providing such excellent reference materials as Clarence Lovejoy's *College Scholarship Guide* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95; \$2.95 paper), and other inexpensive books by recognized authorities on college requirements and application.

Perhaps your readers would be interested in knowing that a small booklet, *How to Visit Colleges*, is available in a 1965 edition at 25¢ per copy or five for \$1 from the National Vocational Guidance Association, 1605 New Hampshire, Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009. Our senior Methodist Youth Fellowship at First Methodist Church used this booklet in a college visitation tour last spring.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Have you utilized all the light sources available? Note our cover picture showing the Rev. Rick Mawson on "the Strip" in Las Vegas, Nev., and study his appearance. The red glow in his face is not from a suntan; and the time is dusk, not night.

When our photographer saw the flaming gas torches in front of the Sahara, he decided to use these as his main source of light to put detail into the pastor's face. A backlight of a different color came from the neon sign at the left. The sun had already set over the desert when the shooting session began, thus the detail in the sky. Lights in the background on "the Strip" provided more atmosphere.

The transparency from which the cover picture was taken was made by a Rolleiflex on daylight High Speed Ektachrome, shooting for $\frac{1}{2}$ second at f/5.6. Later experiments were made with High Speed Ektachrome in 35-mm. size that was balanced for use with tungsten light and provided an interesting effect. This time the photographer used the neon sign as his principal source of light and a wide aperture of f/2 left background lights mere circles.

PICTURE CREDITS

Cover—George P. Miller • Page 1—W. F. Fore • 3—TRAFCO • 4—Toge Fujihira • 8—Art Morenus • 10—Sonny Brown • 13—RNS • 17—Las Vegas News Bureau • 30-31—Arthur G. Kerle • 33-34-35-36—Dr. Miles Peele • 38—John L. Borchert • 39—David Cupp • 40—J. Rolfe Castleman • 41 Top—Jean-Anthony Du Lac, Bot.—Verlin Coffey • 44—Georgia State Prison • 45—Floyd Jillson • 54—From *With All My Love* by Penny DeFore, courtesy Prentice-Hall • 59—Mrs. Welthy Fisher • 60—Catherine Cunningham Lee • 6 Bot.-18-19-20-21-22-48 Top-49-50-51-52-Third Cover—George P. Miller.

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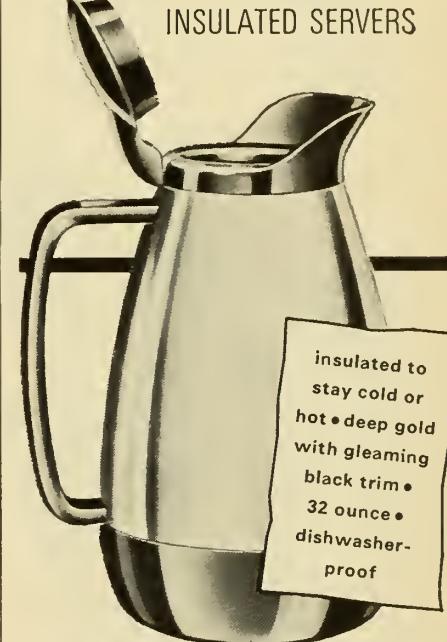
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Together with the Small Fry

Bobs Remembers His Lesson

By May A. Langdon



THOUGH it was only morning, the sun beat down hot and heavy on the parched forest.

There had been no rain for weeks, and the forest animals were becoming more and more uneasy about their greatest enemy—fire. A tiny spark from some careless camper's fire could cause disaster.

Again this morning, Daddy Deer looked worriedly at his little son.

"What will you do if you smell smoke, Bobs?"

"Run," replied the fawn. But he was getting tired of this same old question day after day. "Can't I go lay now, Daddy?" he asked.

"You must learn your lesson," roke in Mama Deer.

"Where will you run, Bobs?" continued Daddy Deer crossly. Bobs ghed: "To water. Please, I know my sson."

"You must repeat it over and over . . ." began Mama Deer, but Bobs ready was trotting off down the forest path, his short tail bobbing up and down as he ran.

Bobs bounded through the forest to Island Lake, still big enough, despite the drouth, to provide long, cool rinks for the forest creatures and a layground for their children.

Bobs happily greeted the animal children who already had arrived. Old Papa Blue Jay had just been elected judge for a game of Splash. It was the pastime of which the little creatures never tired.

As many as possible of the animals

scrambled onto Bobs' back. Then he waded into the water and hopped up and down stiff-leggedly. The ones who could not hang on slid off while those on shore yelled, "Splash!" In the first game, Joe Badger hung on longest. Petey Skunk won next.

Suddenly old Papa Blue Jay wasn't playing a game. He was calling out in a hoarse voice. Even the smallest animal knew that call. Danger! Bobs smelled smoke.

"Fire!" someone cried. The little animals began scurrying aimlessly.

"Mama, Daddy!" called Bobs, and bounded back through the forest toward home. Then he saw the fire crackling through the underbrush and leaping up the tree trunks. He couldn't get home. What to do?

"Run," he suddenly found himself saying. "Run—to water." Bobs whirled on his hooves and darted back to the edge of the lake. His little friends were still milling about crying for their parents or just crouching down in fright.

"Run to water!" shouted Bobs. "All of you. Run into the lake." Bobs began pushing his frightened friends into the water. Other animals began pouring out of the burning forest. Foxes, badgers, bears, squirrels, rabbits, deer, opossums, chipmunks, even tree toads hopping briskly, and a mother turkey herding her cheeping chicks along with her wings to keep them from huddling down.

Those who could, swam out to the island in the lake, while others pad-

dled about in the shallower places, scrambled up on floating logs, or clung to small branches.

But the animals were not alone. Forest rangers had spotted the fire, and soon the men were fighting it with all their equipment and skill.

By nightfall the fire had been controlled, and the wet, shivering animals started moving back into the charred forest. Most of them would have to move to new homes in another part of the great woods—just because one camper had failed to drown his campfire and scatter the ashes to make sure it was out.

All during the excitement, Bobs had been watching, watching for Mama and Daddy Deer. But he had not seen them. He climbed sadly out of the water to look for a place to sleep.

No more was there a nice, soft bed of pine needles for him to cuddle down in. It would be many years before tall, good-smelling pine trees swayed their branches here. Bobs folded his long legs under him and sank down on a bed of ashes, not far from the lake.

After many hours Bobs awoke and got shakily up on his hooves. Wonder of wonders! A soft touch on his nose, and there was Mama Deer, with Daddy nearby smiling proudly.

"How did you know where to find me?" Bobs cried.

"We knew you would remember your lesson," said Mama. "And we heard how you helped the other forest children remember it, too." □

Doll Trunk and Attache Case

IF DOLLY is traveling this year, she will need a trunk for her clothes. Using two shoe boxes and some lengths of wire cut from old coat hangers, you can make a doll trunk—and use the shoe-box lids to make an "attache case" for brother.

DOLL TRUNK

With cloth tape, the kind that Mother uses to mend clothing, tape the two bottoms of the shoe boxes together lengthways both inside and out.

Paint the outside of the shoe boxes sky blue and the insides coral pink—or any colors you like. Paint yellow "reinforcements" at the corners to look like the brass ones on a real trunk, and lock with keyhole.

You can use a rubber band to keep the trunk shut or, if you wish, paste a yarn loop on one side. With a heavy needle and twine, sew a button on the other as a "lock."

To make the hanger rods for the trunk, have Dad cut two pieces of wire 4 or 5 inches long, depending on how deep the top of the trunk is, and file the ends smooth. Bend each end of the wire up one inch and punch the end through

the top of the trunk from the inside. Bend the ends down on the outside one-half inch to secure the rod.

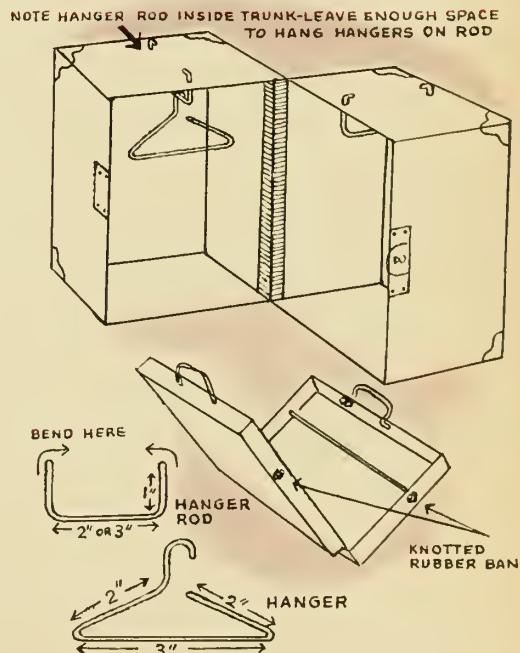
Make a hanger for each of Dolly's outfits from an eight-inch piece of wire by bending it as shown in the drawing. Have Dad file the ends of the wire smooth.

ATTACHE CASE

Using the same kind of cloth tape, tape the tops of the shoe boxes together lengthways. Paint the outside and inside in the colors your brother likes. Cut his name or initials out of tin foil and paste them on the outside.

Make handles out of two pieces of wire eight inches long filed smooth, bending them in handle shapes. Punch the ends through the top of the attache case and bend the ends up about one inch on the inside.

Get a heavy rubber band, cut it and knot one end. Punch two holes in the short sides of the case about 2 inches from the top. Thread the rubber band through the holes and knot the other end on the outside. Do the same on the second side. These will keep brother's "papers" in place. —RUTH BARON





*Is thy heart right, as
my heart is with thine?
Dost thou love and serve
God? It is enough, I give
thee the right hand
of fellowship.*

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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After-Hour Jottings

Somehow . . . in this business of editing a magazine . . . you just naturally grow fond of a lot of people you've never met. This comes, often, from sensing something in their writing, or in their letters, or during a brief telephone conversation. There's **Freida L. Mitchell**, whose *Fret Not Thyself* [page 15] grew out of her experience as a psychiatric nurse in California. We learned to like her by mail after she told us this little story about her 1930 honeymoon:

"I had never been on a train before. I had never been far from home. This trip across the nation was the great adventure. I could hardly suppress my squeals of delight when we entered a tunnel or crossed a trestle above a rocky gorge. I thrilled to my very toes with each sound of the engine's long drawn-out whistle. It seemed the engineer was doing his best to impress me with the power of his huge locomotive."

"One morning my husband suggested breakfast in the dining car . . . The prunes were the largest and the cream the yellowest I had ever seen. When the pancakes arrived I admired them and buttered them . . . looked about for the syrup. My glance rested upon the silver pitcher beside my plate.

"Impulsively, I picked up the silver pot and poured steaming hot coffee all over my beautiful golden-brown pancakes!"

Then there's Mrs. **Helen Pierpont Satterfield**, who for six or seven years now has been one of our nicest, most gracious and considerate letter writers. Our first contact with her was after she submitted what we consider one of the finest little features **TOGETHER** has ever published. It was titled *If Failure Could Be Spelled Success* and, wanting to know a little about the author, we picked up the telephone. Later, in the August, 1959, issue, we wrote:

"We found her . . . in Fairmont, W.Va. A Methodist minister there helped us . . . and were we surprised! She's a gay, laughing woman, all of 75—and proud of it! A great-grandmother, too; a Methodist since childhood . . ."

Well, here it is six years later, and Mrs. Satterfield is 81. Writing us about her *Retrospection* [page 25], she says: "Please excuse errors . . . my little portable refused to print another word, and my eyesight is so poor I cannot see to repair it like I've often done." But Mrs. Satterfield continues to write—with portable pen, or pencil—sharing a full life of living and dreaming with others.

Speaking of oldsters, the Rev. **Horace G. Smith**, at 83, is no stranger to these pages or those of our sister magazine for ministers, **CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE**. It so happens that we learned to like him through personal visits as well as through the mail, for it was not so long ago that this spry (and very wise) gentleman was our guest in the office. As a Methodist minister, he served three pastorates, was an elected delegate to six General Conferences of the church and for 21 years was president of Garrett Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill. In this issue, he takes a stand in contention with that of **Helen Scott Wylie** in the Powwow, *How Long Should Life Be Prolonged?* [page 26].

By now, you may know that *The Last Escape of Forrest Turner* [page 44] was written by two men behind prison bars. Since the manuscript reached us, however, there has been a change. Writes one of them: "Mr. Myers is no longer with us, having made a parole quite some time ago, and apparently doing well out there in the great beyond. The parole board . . . decided I should stay here another year." (Signed) Bill Dye.

—YOUR EDITORS

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Mrs. Mitchell



Chapel by the Wayside

◆ A roadside park can mean more to a weary traveler than simply a break from endless miles of asphalt and concrete. Summer tourists on Highway 48 near Sunman, in the southeastern part of Indiana, find this—and much more—in a small chapel (shown at right) built and maintained by MYFers of St. Paul's Church. The small concrete-block structure—called the Cathy Chambers Memorial Chapel—honors a child who died of muscular dystrophy. It includes a vestibule where hundreds of visitors have signed the guest book after kneeling in prayer and meditation. Several years ago, after acquiring the site, the young people asked the highway department to take it over as a roadside park, then went ahead to build the chapel with funds raised by holding auctions, chicken suppers, and ice-cream socials.

—H. B. TEETER



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